

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

MEET HOT RECEPTION

TENNESSEE ROBBERS FOILED BY BANK OFFICIALS.

Two Are Killed and a Third Is Captured—Cashier and President Who Know What to Do and Do It Promptly—Dun's Business Report.

At Sevierville, Tenn., three masked men entered the bank at an early hour, as soon as the cashier had unlocked the vault. They pointed pistols at the cashier, John Marshall, and the president, William McMahon, and demanded the money. McMahon threw all the loose change into the safe, seized a rifle and began shooting at the robbers, who returned the fire. At the same time Marshall ran out at a side door, pistol in hand, and shot one of the horses belonging to the robbers. One of the masked men, Pearl Thurman, was instantly killed by McMahon. On Derrick, another of the robbers, who was wounded seriously and is in jail. William Derrick, the third robber, escaped to his horse. Citizens pursued him, and his horse was wounded, but he rode over a mile, when the horse fell, and Derrick sought refuge in a barn. He was surrounded, and he shot himself in the head rather than surrender. All three robbers came from Knoxville.

DEMAND GREATER THAN SUPPLY.

Dun Reports Trade Conditions That Crowd Producers.
R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: "Industrial conditions could hardly be better. After many months of extraordinary buying that its continuance seemed impossible, even larger buying still crowds producing works of wool, cotton, and other goods. Suits of wool for the week at \$4.75 to \$5.00, without further advance. Fallings for the week have been 164 in the United States, against 205 last year, and 27 in Canada, against 25 last year."

PRAIRIE FIRES IN MANITOBA.

Many Settlers Lose Their Homes and All the Farm Crops.
Prairie fire swept over the Dauphin district in northwestern Manitoba. Hundreds of settlers were surrounded by flames before they had time to realize the danger, and in a twinkling homes, grain, hay stacks and fences went up in smoke. The accumulation of years of toil disappeared from the face of the earth. Fire swept over territory many miles in extent.

HOTEL GUESTS FLEE IN PANIC.

One Man Killed and Many Narrowly Escape Death in Fire.
At Hudson, N. Y., the Windsor Hotel was destroyed by fire, and the Hotel, a famous place in Philadelphia publishing house, was gutted. The other guests escaped in their night clothes, losing all their baggage. The porter of the hotel alone saved the lives of ten women. There were many very narrow escapes. The property loss will exceed \$500,000.

Troop's Stable Destroyed.

The G Troop's stables at Fort Meade, adjoining Sturgis, S. D., burned, together with 125 saddles, all the trappings of the troop, a large quantity of commissary supplies and hay and forage, an estimated total loss of \$100,000. Fortunately the fire occurred when all the horses were on the picket line and all were saved.

Negro Is Instantly Killed.

J. J. Reeves, a merchant of Mount Pleasant, Texas, killed George Lewis, a negro, in the ladies' waiting room at the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe passenger station at Dallas, Texas. The negro attempted to force Mrs. Reeves out of the chair, she occupied, and her husband shot the negro through the head and heart, killing him instantly.

Stand for the Pennant.

The standing of the clubs in the National League is as follows:
W. L. Brooklyn .101 47 Pittsburgh .70 73 Boston .93 57 Chicago .75 73 Philadelphia .94 53 Louisville .75 77 Baltimore .56 62 New York .60 80 St. Louis .84 67 Washington .61 98 Cincinnati .53 67 Cleveland .20 124

Shoots His Fiancee and Dies.

At Fort Scott, Kan., James Bish shot his fiancee, Miss Clara Stainbrook. As she fell Bish sent a bullet into his own brain. He is dead, but the young woman will recover. They had quarreled over the date of their wedding, the young woman having insisted that she could not be ready as soon as Bish demanded.

Avenger's Husband's Murder.

Frank Auer was shot and killed in the Italian quarter at Niles, Ohio, by Mrs. Tauro, who was arrested and lodged in jail at Warren. About four months ago Dominick Tauro was fatally stabbed in a fight and on his deathbed told his wife that Augusta had stabbed him. The shooting of Augusta is the sequel.

Fast Mail Is Robbed.

A fast mail train on the Chicago and Northwestern road was held up between Elburn and Maple Park, Ill., by three masked men, who blew up the express safe with dynamite and escaped with its contents.

Brooklyn in First Place.

The National League season of baseball is ended. The pennant goes to Brooklyn. Boston finished in second place and Philadelphia third.

Begins Pure Food Crusade.

The Cleveland Board of Health has begun a crusade against adulterated food products. It is announced that a disinfecting preparation was being used by a number of butchers to preserve meat in hot weather and by milk dealers to prevent milk from turning sour.

Accident to James H. Eckels.

James H. Eckels, president of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago and Controller of the Currency from 1893 to 1897, was run over by an express wagon on Fifth avenue, New York.

Two Women Seek Death Together.

Madge Day, 22 years old, and Mamie White, 21 years old, took carbolic acid in Manhattan, New York, last night. Both women are dead.

FARMERS CORNER BROOM CORN.

They Do Not Propose to Let Brokers Make All the Profit.

It appears that Illinois farmers are about to corner the broom corn market. Last year the brokers got hold of all the broom in sight and, storing it in warehouses, spent the winter in meeting one month and while they ate and drank the best to be had, marked up the price a few cents on the pound. In the back of last year's crop was bought for \$50 a ton and before the new supply came in it had been marked up to \$180 and had been practically "cleaned out" at a figure near this fabulous price. When the new crop was put on the market a few weeks ago it started off at \$60 and finally got up to \$88 for prime broom. About ten days ago foreign buyers began to come into the district and the farmer with broom corn to sell at once became a man of importance. He raised the price and from \$70 to went to \$120 in twenty-four hours. Then the buyers took everything they could get, regardless of quality, at \$80. The crop was sold, and finally \$100. There is no shortage to speak of this season, but the clean-up of last year's crop makes broom corn a scarce article in all quarters.

MASTIN CASE ENDED.

Federal Court Finally Disposes of Kansas City Litigation.

By a decree in the Federal court at Kansas City, the noted Mastin case, which has dragged along in the Federal court for five years, was ended. The two Mastin brothers, in partnership in the banking firm of John J. Mastin & Co., failed in 1878, catching many workingmen and women. In 1890 John J. Mastin died, and his wife, Julia, became the sole owner of the estate. In 1894 she brought suit against her brother-in-law, Thomas H. Mastin, for a settlement of the estate, claiming that he was using her property improperly. In July, 1894, a receiver for the estate was appointed, the claims against the estate at that time aggregating \$1,200,000. The present decree dissolves the partnership and ending the receivership, orders Thomas H. Mastin to pay Julia Mastin \$31,000, and divides the estate of John J. Mastin equally between them. This estate, valued at several millions, consists of a vast amount of real estate in Kansas City and mining and mining claims in Gunnison County, Colorado.

FLAMES IN MILL VALLEY.

California Summer Visitors Forced to Flee for Their Lives.

A fire believed to have been of incendiary origin has done great damage in Mill Valley and the adjoining country about the base of Mount Tamalpais, Cal. The town of Mill Valley was for hours in imminent danger, and many summer visitors fled to places of temporary safety. Corte Madera, Gulch, Boyle Canyon, Blithedale Canyon and the Cascades were threatened by the flames, which swept away the houses, swept away the trees, and so much dry grass. Owl's Nest, the residence of George T. Marsh, was destroyed. There were many narrow escapes and over a dozen persons were severely scorched by the flames. Over 640 acres were burned over, several small buildings were destroyed, and many other residences narrowly escaped destruction. A conservative estimate of the loss places it at \$130,000, though some claim that it may reach \$500,000.

PRICES TEND UPWARD.

Trade East and West Still Reported Good by Broadstreet.

Broadstreet's weekly review says that distributive trade, while smaller at some markets, is still of encouraging volume. Industry is active, railway earnings heavy, prices of commodities and bank clearings increase, while failures are few. Fall festivals and other celebrations at several cities have exercised an appreciable effect upon retail trade and proved a stimulating factor in wholesale lines. In industrial affairs activity is widespread and strikes are few and less costly than in most years. Business failures are apparently at a minimum and liabilities are certainly less costly than for many years past. Prices as a whole manifest aggressive strength.

POISON IN TEETH.

Alloy in Filling Thought to Have Caused Death.

Dr. J. E. Lowery died at his home in Cedarville, Ohio, the other night. His death, a dispatch says, is thought to be due to an alloy of copper or bronze used in filling his teeth. His system became filled with poison from the alloy, finally ending in convulsions and death. The fillings were removed shortly before he died.

GRANT-ROUS NATION FOR.

Troops Under General Occupy the West Bank of the Imus.

Gen. Fred Grant, with three companies of the Fourth Infantry, two companies of the Eleventh Infantry and a band of scouts attached to the former regiment, advanced from Imus Friday morning, driving the Filipino insurgents from the entire west bank of the Imus river. Three Americans were wounded. It is estimated that ten of the Filipinos were killed.

TRUSTS HARD HIT IN INDIANA.

Action of Glassworkers Is Upheld by Judge Ryan at Anderson.

The window glass trust received a hard blow when Judge Ryan of the Superior Court at Anderson, Ind., held that the complaints filed a few weeks ago asking for an injunction to prevent the window glass companies in the county from joining the trust are good and sufficient for cause of action.

Aetna Powder Mills Blown Up.

With a detonation that was felt in towns many miles distant two of the powder mills of the Aetna company's works near Millers, Ind., blew up. Two men who were supposed to have been in the structures—known as the tankhouse and the mixhouse—are missing, but so far as known there were no other fatalities.

Return of Explorers Wellman.

Walter Wellman, who has returned from an expedition to Franz Josef Land, arrived in New York from Liverpool on the Umbria Sunday, accompanied by his wife.

Consul at New York Resigns.

August Feigel, who has for years been the German consul general at New York, has resigned and will not return to the United States in an official capacity.

Telephone Lines to Unite.

Plans for the consolidation of the independent telephone lines of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois have been practically completed.

William L. Wilson Very Ill.

Ex-Governor of New York and Postmaster General William L. Wilson is very dangerously ill with a chronic affection of the lungs.

Mayor Taggart Is Re-elected.

At Indianapolis Mayor Taggart and the entire Democratic city ticket were elected by over 1,000 majority.

Deserter Given Up by Father.

At Denver, Colo., 25 years old, has been arrested as a deserter on information given by his father, Adolph Poly,

NEWS OF OUR STATE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MICHIGANERS.

Indians Must Move Off Land Which Has Been Sold for Taxes—Destruction of a Toll Gate Believed to Have Been the Work of Incendiaries.

LABORER A SCREW.

Physician's Clever Plan for Getting It Out of a Child's Stomach.

Twenty yards of raw silk saved the life of a little Brooklyn, N. Y., child. Dr. George D. Barney used the strands to lasso a large screw that the little patient had swallowed. When the physician was called in haste to the house and discovered the serious nature of the case he was at first nonplussed. "If the screw reaches the intestines it will surely kill the child," he said. Upon a table he happened to notice a hank of raw silk and it gave him an inspiration. "Bread and milk, quick," he cried, and as soon as the food was brought, he made a mush in which he placed the silk. He carefully milled silk, bread and milk, he made the little sufferer swallow it, being careful to hold one end of the thread. After the meal had been in the child's stomach for about ten minutes, Dr. Barney pulled out the silk and the deadly screw came with it.

TRY TO BURN WAR SUPPLIES.

Material at Toronto, Intended for the Transvaal, Set on Fire.

At Toronto, Ont., an attempt was made to burn the war material which the Government has stored at the city for the Transvaal, London and Hamilton Transvaal contingent. At the time stated an officer and a private on their rounds found part of the woodwork of the storehouse of the fort on fire and with the help of the brigade extinguished the flames before serious damage was done. It was then discovered that the cause of the fire was a match which had been placed near the woodwork and set on fire. The woodwork was also well oiled.

MINISTER TAKES HIS OWN LIFE.

Ohio Pastor Commits Suicide After Entertaining His Congregation.

Rev. W. L. Woodard, one of the most prominent ministers of the Disciple Church in northwestern Ohio, committed suicide at his home in Oak Harbor by shooting himself through the heart. He had invited a number of his congregation to the evening with him. The last of the guests scarcely had reached the gate to go home before a pistol shot rang out. The minister was found prostrate on the floor with a bullet hole through his breast.

DROVE THE FILIPINOS.

Insurgents Fire on Americans Four Miles from Manila.

Monday afternoon a body of Filipino insurgents was seen near La Loma Church, four miles from the heart of Manila. They opened fire, the bullets falling among the tents of the Twenty-fifth Infantry. The Americans manned the trenches and replied at a range of 3,200 yards. The insurgents fled and the Americans used their artillery. The fight lasted an hour, after which the insurgents retreated.

Nocturnal Burglary in Rock Island.

While Secretary T. J. Medill was at luncheon cracksmen entered the office of the Blackhawk Building and Loan Association in Rock Island, Ill., blew open the safe with nitroglycerin and carried off the strong box, with its contents—jewelry valued at \$500 and \$50 in money. The box and \$29 of the money were found later on the shore of the Mississippi river. The robbers escaped.

Bank Robbery at Reynolds, Ind.

At Reynolds, Ind., the bank was robbed of \$50,000 and wrecked by an explosion. Several citizens were injured by the sound of the explosion, and President J. C. Van Atta and Cashier Dehling, with a number of others, reached the building in time to see four men run to two buggies and dash away with the horses in full gallop.

Highwayman Murders His Victim.

Dr. City Treasurer C. L. Funk was shot and killed by a highwayman on El Paso avenue, Pueblo, Colo., when going to the depot to take a train for Cripple Creek, where he was engaged in mining. His pocketbook was stolen, but it contained only a small amount of money. Mr. Funk was 38 years old.

Austria Has a "Jack-the-Ripper."

Telegrams from Linz, capital of Upper Austria, on the Danube, report that the inhabitants of that district are in a state of terror, owing to a series of "Jack-the-Ripper" murders. The fifth occurred recently, the victim being a woman 50 years of age.

Killed for Cheek of Tobacco.

William Hackney and John Thompson had a dispute over a chew of tobacco at Clarksville, Tenn., and Hackney was killed by a shot which was attacking Thompson with a knife.

Begin the War.

A dispatch to the London Daily Telegraph from the Boers has been begun by the Boers in Natal.

Woman Wants to Be Mayor.

Martha Moore Avery has announced her candidacy for the socialist nomination for Mayor of Boston.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$3.00 to \$4.25; hogs, shipping grades, \$3.00 to \$4.75; sheep, fat to choice, \$3.00 to \$4.25; wheat, No. 2, red, 72c to 74c; corn, No. 2, 31c to 32c; oats, No. 2, 23c to 24c; rye, No. 2, 24c to 25c; clover, 10c to 12c; timothy, 10c to 12c; per bushel.
Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3.00 to \$4.50; hogs, choice light, \$2.75 to \$3.00; sheep, common to prime, \$3.25 to \$4.50; wheat, No. 2, red, 68c to 70c; corn, No. 2, white, 24c to 26c; oats, No. 2, white, 22c to 24c; rye, No. 2, 23c to 25c; clover, 10c to 12c; timothy, 10c to 12c; per bushel.
St. Louis—Cattle, \$3.25 to \$4.75; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.75; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.25; wheat, No. 2, 71c to 73c; corn, No. 2, yellow, 31c to 33c; oats, No. 2, 23c to 25c; rye, No. 2, 24c to 26c.
Cincinnati—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$3.25; hogs, \$2.00 to \$4.75; sheep, \$2.50 to \$4.00; wheat, No. 2, 71c to 73c; corn, No. 2, yellow, 31c to 33c; oats, No. 2, 23c to 25c; rye, No. 2, 24c to 26c.
Toledo—Wheat, No. 2, mixed, 71c to 73c; corn, No. 2, mixed, 33c to 35c; oats, No. 2, 23c to 25c; rye, No. 2, 24c to 26c.
Detroit—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$3.50; hogs, \$2.00 to \$4.75; sheep, \$2.50 to \$4.50; wheat, No. 2, 71c to 73c; corn, No. 2, yellow, 31c to 33c; oats, No. 2, 23c to 25c; rye, No. 2, 24c to 26c.
Buffalo—Cattle, good shipping steers, \$2.00 to \$3.50; hogs, common to choice, \$2.25 to \$3.50; sheep, fat to choice, \$2.50 to \$3.50; lambs, common to extra, \$4.50 to \$5.25.
New York—Cattle, \$3.25 to \$4.75; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.75; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.00; wheat, No. 2, 71c to 73c; corn, No. 2, yellow, 31c to 33c; oats, No. 2, 23c to 25c; rye, No. 2, 24c to 26c.
Butte—Cattle, 17c to 20c; hogs, 15c to 18c; sheep, 15c to 18c.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM REFLECTION.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson, and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

Lesson for October 22.

Ezra's Journey to Jerusalem is the subject of this lesson, the text of which is found in Ezra 8: 21-32.
With this lesson we enter upon a field of Old Testament literature in which the higher critics have been making their most recent explorations, with results which are surprising to the least. It was thought until recently that the leading events of the age of Ezra and Nehemiah—the middle third of the fifth century B. C.—were definitely fixed; that Ezra's arrival at Jerusalem was in the year 458, the seventh year of Artaxerxes I., and that Nehemiah came in 445, the seventh year of Artaxerxes II., making a second journey to Jerusalem. Recent writers, such as the late Prof. Koster of Holland, the English scholar T. K. Cheyne, and the Americans Dr. Torrey and Prof. O. F. Kent, claim to have proved that this order was not the correct one, and that the books of Ezra and Nehemiah were not only compiled at a later period (close of third century) when Persian history of the fifth century was grossly misunderstood or misrepresented, but also that the most of their sources were unreliable. By processes which do not commend themselves to the ordinary reader, they set aside the chronology which has been the basis of our study, and reach the conclusion that there was no general return of Jews from Babylon to Jerusalem in 587; that the temple was built by Jews who had never been in Babylon but were descended from those left behind by Nebuchadnezzar; that Nehemiah, and not Ezra, was the first leader who brought Jews back from Babylon and introduced reforms; that Ezra's work is to be placed about the time of the interval between Nehemiah's two visits. Those who care to look into these theories will find them presented in Kent's "History of the Jewish people," and more briefly in an article by T. K. Cheyne in the October Biblical World.

Until further proof is offered to show that Ezra did not come until after Nehemiah we may safely accept the ordinary view of this history. It is, of course, necessary to recognize the very evident fact that the books of Ezra and Nehemiah, like the books of Chronicles with which they are closely connected, are compilations, which could not have received their final form in the centuries with which they deal. But while we must take into account the influence of the third or fourth century editors in handling the ancient documents and records which formed their sources, the wholesale discounting of the sources themselves, which is characteristic of the men above named, is unjustifiable. The letters to and from the king of Persia which are inserted in the earlier chapters of Ezra, for example, and which are retained in their original Aramaic in the midst of the Hebrew, undoubtedly date from a time long previous to that of the final editing of the book. To assert that they were copied from the original documents is to claim something which is equally incapable of proof and of disproof; but to toss them lightly aside as mere literary inventions is a gratuitous blunder. Similarly of the personal memoirs of Ezra. Let the student never forget that Chronicles, Ezra and Nehemiah are in a very important sense a unit, a single book, representing a single tendency though of course worked upon by many hands. Each helps to interpret the other.

The Artaxerxes who was on the throne of Persia during the times of Ezra and Nehemiah was the first of three kings of that name, and ruled 465-424 B. C. He was the grandson of Darius and the son of Xerxes (Ahasuerus), who was Esther's husband. During his reign the Persian power began to weaken, the stubborn rebellion of the satrap Megabazus of Syria being an example of this decline.

Explanatory.

"The river of Ahava" was probably some stream or canal near Babylon. Its exact location is unknown. The fast which Ezra proclaimed was to prepare the people for a proper conception of the solemnity and importance of the step they were about to take. Fasting as a sign of grief is very ancient; as a religious observance, among the Jews, it was rapidly developed during the exile, and thereafter became more and more fundamentally the ceremonial system of the nation.

The reason for Ezra's hesitation seems to have been that to ask the king for a strong guard to accompany the caravan might imply distrust in the power of Jehorah.

This arrangement for caring for the treasures donated by Persian generosity shows that Ezra was a very "business sense" of a quality which good men often totally lack to their frequent sorrow and confusion. He did not propose to be accused of embezzling public funds.

The work which Ezra did when he reached Jerusalem is of course more important than his journey, and therefore it should be included in this lesson. He engaged the people to adopt an elaborate ritual and ceremonial system, much more elaborate than the Deuteronomic law (adopted under Josiah, 621 B. C.) as the Deuteronomic law was more elaborate than the simple system which prevailed in the earlier years of the kingdom. Ezekiel and Ezra are the two great names in the priestly reformation of Judaism. Ezekiel as idealist and prophet, Ezra as practical administrator. Ezra also intensified the national feeling of the Jews, his stern repression of mixed marriages being an example of this. They were from his time more than ever before a peculiar, separate people.

Next Lesson—"Psalms of Deliverance,"—Psalms 88 and 126.

Among Surgeons.

The green sash of the army surgeon is not so much an insignia of rank as it is a protection to the wearer. According to the code of war, surgeons are never shot or taken prisoners. To deliberately shoot a surgeon while he is wearing his sash is considered a violation of the code, punishable by death. Because of this provision, surgeons of one army never refuse to look after the wounded of the other army if it is possible for them to do so.

Few Printers in Jail.

The first Australian newspaper, the Sydney Gazette, was published on March 5, 1803, fifteen years after the rise of the colony. The delay was caused through there being no printers among the convicts, who represented every profession, including the legal.

The plant was brought out in the first fleet, but it could not be used until the authorities caught a compositor. It has been suggested by a writer who has suffered at the hands of compositors that they keep all their crimes for the composing room.

MAIL TRAIN HELD UP.

ROBBERY ON THE NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD.

Three Masked Men Blow Open an Express Safe with Dynamite, Take Its Contents, and Make Their Escape—Operator Bound and Gagged.

Three Masked Men Held Up the Chicago and Northwestern Fast Mail Train No. 9, bound for the Pacific coast, at Meredith, Ill., forty-seven miles from Chicago, shortly after 11 o'clock Friday night. After they had blown the through safe and wrecked the express car they uncoupled the engine from the mail train and escaped on it to Courtland. Daniel White, the engineer, was forced to carry them to that point, where they deserted the cab for the darkness of the surrounding fields.

Just about 11 o'clock three men entered a freight car on the road, located midway between Elburn and Maple Park, and asked the operator, Clifton James, at what time the mail train would be due. James tried to avoid a direct reply, but the lights from the windows of the approaching cars gave them the desired information and they stopped only long enough to bind the operator in his chair with buckskin thongs, set the engine to stop the oncoming train, and render useless the telegraphic instruments in the office.

The engineer of the mail train brought the cars to a stand in obedience to the semaphore signals and at once was confronted by the robbers. They had adjusted handkerchiefs over the lower part of their faces and each carried a brace of long-barreled ominous-looking revolvers. Engineer White made no attempt at resistance, but his fireman, Joseph Jewel, tried to escape from the cab. He was stopped at the point of a pistol and he and White were led back to the last of the four cars that made up the train. The man was left to guard the train crew and the other two attacked the express car and forced Messenger F. A. Hopson to admit them. First he was taken to the rear car and then brought back to open the local safe. He would not do this. The robber retired from the car again while the through safe was demolished with a charge of dynamite which blew a hole through the bottom of the car and tore great gaps in the roof.

Just how much the safe may have contained is not known, but it is said that currency and packages of valuables were hurled into the fields.

Two shots were fired during the raid, one at James McGrath, a brakeman, wounding his lantern at the head of the train, and a second at the rear of the train, which was almost lost. The train was stopped by a signal. After the robbers had descended the engine of the mail train at Courtland, Brakeman Palmer pushed on to Dekalb. Brakeman Palmer had reached Elburn meanwhile and sent word of the robbery to W. E. Morse, Galena division superintendent at Oak Park.

The victims of the robbery unite in declaring the bandits a determined group of men. They went about their work quietly and without a sign of nervousness. One of them paused to borrow a chew of tobacco from the assistant express messenger, Elmer E. Painter. The night was exceedingly dark, and this greatly aided the thugs in their escape.

CARTER SOARED HIGH.

New Facts Come Out Against the Guilty Captain.

The decision of the Attorney General in the case of Capt. Orlin M. Carter is a long document and is addressed to the President. Mr. Griggs, among other things, gives a little of the personal history of the accused man. He states that some years ago he married the daughter of a gentleman supposed to have means, but not large wealth. Carter's pay as captain amounted to \$252 a month and his living expenses began to increase very rapidly, running in a few years from \$6,000 to no less than \$28,000 per annum. It is related that he made without certain periods heavy cash payments in New York and other banks and also gave large orders to brokers for the purchase of stocks, bonds, etc. Just how these facts were obtained is not told in the decision.

FIRE LOSSES ARE HEAVY.

Those of 1893 So Far—how an Increase Over 1892.

The fire loss of the United States and Canada for the month of September, as compiled from the New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin records, amounts to \$12,778,890. The following table shows the losses for the first nine months of 1893, in comparison with the same period in 1892:

Month	1892	1893
January	\$9,472,500	\$10,718,000
February	12,223,300	19,408,000
March	10,722,000	14,814,000
April	8,211,200	9,213,000
May	11,072,400	8,691,000
June	10,722,000	14,814,000
July	10,722,000	14,814,000
August	10,722,000	14,814,000
September	10,722,000	14,814,000
Totals	\$89,104,000	\$99,938,000

It will be seen that the 1893 losses so far exceed those of the same months of 1892 by over \$10,000,000.

FIGHT AT MUNTINLUPA.

Two Americans Killed—Rebels Driven from the Island.

A scouting party under Maj. Chatham encountered a force of insurgents at Muntinlupa on the west shore of Laguna de Bay, P. I., and a fight resulted, in which three Americans were killed and several wounded. The rebels were driven from their intrenchments. Their loss is not known. Gen. Schwan has arrived at Bacor with part of his forces.

FIVE THOUSAND KILLED.

OUTBOUND.

A lonely sail in the vast sea-room,
I have put out for the port of gloom.

The voyage is far on the trackless tide,
The watch is long, and the seas are wide.

The headlands blue in the sinking day
Kiss me a hand on the outward way.

The fading gulls, as they dip and veer,
Lift me a voice that is good to hear.

The great winds come, and the heaving sea,
The restless mother, is calling me.

The cry of her heart is lone and wild,
Searching the night for her wandered child.

Beautiful, weariless mother of mine,
In the drift of doom I am here, I am thine.

Beyond the fathom of hope or fear,
From bourn to bourn of the dusk I steer.

Swopt on in the wake of the stars, in the stream
Of a raving tide, from dream to dream.
—Bliss Carman.

They Were All Sorry.

GEORGE FERGUSON, what does this mean?

"The voice was that of Mrs. Ferguson—shrill, piercing, and ominous."

"What does what mean?" asked George.

"This letter!"

She held it up.

"Laura, have you been—"

"No, I haven't been searching your pockets. You know I haven't. I was moving your coat from this chair, and a letter fell out. This is the letter. It is directed to you, and it's in a woman's hand. You haven't told me of any correspondence you are carrying on with—"

"Open it and read it, Laura," interrupted Mr. Ferguson. "If there was any letter in my pocket I didn't know it. Go ahead and read it. Maybe it's a millinery bill."

Scorning to reply to this, Mrs. Ferguson opened the letter and ran her eye over it.

"Oh, you didn't know this was in your pocket!" she pined. "You didn't know it! Maybe it's a millinery bill—is it? Listen! My dearest George—so you're somebody else's dearest."



THIS LETTER DROPPED OUT OF YOUR POCKET.

George, are you?—My dearest George: When are you coming to see me again? I am very lonely—she is very lonely. Is she? Oh, you two-faced hypocrite!—If you can't come, George, dearest, do write!—she wants you to write if you can't come, does she?—You can't think, dearest George, how I miss—"

"What nonsense are you reading, Laura?" demanded George, beginning to be roused. "Do you mean to say—"

"I mean to say I am reading this letter you told me to read, Mr. Ferguson. I am reading this letter I found in your—"

"—that dropped out of your pocket. You don't know anything about it, don't you? You can't think, dearest George—"

"Laura, are you fool enough to think that's genuine? Don't you know better than to imagine—"

"I am a fool, am I, Mr. Ferguson? Well, I'll just show you—"

"Let me see the letter."

"Let me see it? What do you want to see it for? Oh, no, Mr. Ferguson! I am going to keep it and show it to my mother."

"Well, hold it so I can look at it. I promise you solemnly I will not attempt to take it away from you."

"I'll see that you don't. Here it is. Now look at it. Stay right where you are, George Ferguson. Don't you come a step nearer!"

"How can I see it ten feet away? Lay it down and then come and let my hands behind me if you are afraid I'll—"

"Oh, yes! Lay it down and you'll grab it! I see through you! What's the use of pretending you never saw this before?"

"There doesn't seem to be any use in it—that's a fact. Nevertheless, I assure you, Laura, on my honor as a man—"

"On your honor! Humph!"

"Yes, on my honor—h'mph! I have never seen that letter before. I never put it in my pocket. I didn't know it was there. I am not anybody else's dearest George, and that letter is a clumsy fake got up by somebody who wants to have a little fun with me—"

"I wish I could believe it! Oh, George! George!"

"Boys," said George Ferguson the next day when he went into the office where he was employed, downtown, "that was a good joke some one of you played on me when you put that letter in my pocket yesterday, but I threaten to break up my family, and I ask as a favor that the chap who did it will just write a letter to my wife and tell her it was a bit of fun and that I am not to blame in the slightest degree. I don't want to know who it was. All I ask is that the thing be straightened out."

It was late in the afternoon. There came a knock at the door bell pertaining to the Ferguson dwelling, and a messenger delivered a letter addressed to Mrs. George Ferguson.

She opened it and read:

"Dear Mrs. Ferguson—In a spirit of mischief I slipped a letter in your husband's coat pocket yesterday which I fear may have fallen into your hands, and in order to atone for any misunderstanding it may possibly have caused I wish to say that I wrote it myself and that it is purely imaginary. With great respect, I subscribe myself yours truly."

This was signed "Marcellus Hankinson."

Hardly had she finished reading this when another messenger came and left another letter. It read thus:

"My Dear Mrs. Ferguson: I have a little confession to make. Yesterday, in a thoughtless moment, I wrote a letter purporting to come from some woman and dropped it into your husband's pocket. For fear you may have seen it I take occasion to assume the responsibility for the clumsy joke and to apologize for it. With great respect, yours sincerely."

The signature was "Oliver Peduncle."

Then there came another letter—also by special messenger. It was as follows:

"My Dear Madam: I pardon me for addressing you, but I wish to plead guilty to the perpetration of a foolish joke on your husband yesterday. I wrote a love letter (signed 'Dollie,' if I remember rightly) and slipped it into Mr. Ferguson's coat pocket. Fearing it may have met your eye I write this to exonerate your husband and to take

upon myself the entire blame for the silly performance. Respectfully yours."

It was signed "A. Spoonamore."

The bewildered woman had hardly perused this note and laid it on the parlor table with the others, when a fourth came. It was to this effect:

"Permit me, my dear Mrs. Ferguson, to atone for an act of thoughtlessness committed yesterday. Yielding to a hasty impulse, I wrote a letter to your husband purporting to come from some feminine admirer. This I placed in one of the pockets of his coat, unknown to him. As it may possibly have fallen into your hands, I take the liberty of assuring you that I alone am to blame for the stupid joke and to express my hearty contrition."

The signature to this was "Wesley Higintop."

About two hours later Mr. Ferguson came home. He was whistling, with apparent unconsciousness of any domestic trouble, past, present, or to come.

"George," exclaimed Mrs. Ferguson, in a high-pitched voice, as she met him at the door, "where are those other letters?"—Chicago Tribune.

WRECKING A BRIDGE.

Novel Use of Electricity Successfully Tried at Clinton, Ind.

The 735-foot bridge over the Wabash at Clinton, Ind., was wrecked in August by a Hoosier, who employed the heating power of an electric current to do the work, without injury to the structure. This exceedingly interesting feat is described in the Western Electrician.

It appears that the bridge was, up to that time, the only toll bridge in the State, and was owned by one man. It had become antiquated, and the county authorities purchased it with the idea of erecting a steel bridge in its place, using the same piers and approaches.

Under the terms of the contract, the owner of the bridge was to remove the superstructure inside of thirty days, without injuring in any way the sustaining piers and masonry. This was apparently a very easy task, but, after consultation with bridge builders, house wreckers, riggers, engineers, and, in fact, every one who had a plan to suggest, the only practical plan evolved was to build a false work and take the bridge down piecemeal. To blow the bridge up with dynamite would probably injure the piers, and to burn it would likewise crack and injure the masonry. The thirty days elapsed, and no plan had been decided upon. An extension of the time for one week was granted. At this point a young electrician living in Clinton came to the fore with a scheme to literally cut the bridge down with hot electric wires, and this unique plan was finally successfully carried out with the greatest satisfaction, the operation requiring but ten hours.

The bridge, which was built in 1833, consisted of three spans, with a 70-foot draw, and, as already mentioned, was 735 feet long. Each of these spans was composed of nine chords, each consisting of three nine-inch by nine-inch yellow poplar timbers. It is perfectly evident, therefore, that if each of these timbers was cut through simultaneously,

the span would drop into the river without injuring the piers. Current was secured from a near-by generating plant, and leading wires were run to the farthest span. Each of the timbers cut was next encircled with a heavy resistance wire and connections run to the main circuit. The resistance of these wires was so proportioned that the passage of an electric current of definite strength would bring them to a cherry red, just on the same principle as an incandescent lamp filament is

brought to a nearly white heat. To make the cutting, or more correctly, burning, more positive, a five-pound sash weight was hung at the bottom of each loop. In exactly one hour and forty minutes after the application of the current each timber was cut through by the hot wires to a point where the weight of the structure was sufficient to break the rest, and the span they supported tumbled into the river. This operation was repeated

with each span without a hitch or delay of any kind.

An examination after the fall of the bridge showed how thoroughly the current had done its work. Each timber was burned through to the same extent, namely, five inches deep on the top and three inches on the sides, the cut being comparatively clean, the wood not being charred more than an inch on each side of the point of contact with the hot wire.

A Chinese Dooley.

Two Irishmen stood at Gates avenue and Bedford street discussing a Chinese laundry sign.

"Kil ye say it, Pete?"

"There, don't ye say it?"

"Oh, O! do now."

"Well, they say a Chinaman's feerst name is his last name. Do ye blave it, Pat?"

"Yis."

"Then rade it backwards."

"But rade it furres feerst, an' it spells Lee Dew."

"But rade it backwads, man."

"De-w, Do; Lee, Le-Dooley."

"Right ye are, Pat, an' Dooley is a foine old Irish name, but it's the feerst time in me life I ever heard of a Chinese with an Orlish name. He ought to hang, the spalpeen."

Juvenile Delinquency.

"Papa," said the boy, as they drove along, "that's the same horse that was buzzing around the horse when we started out, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then one horsefly will follow one horse more'n a dozen miles, won't it?"

"It seems so."

"I reckon," said the boy, who had been busy thinking again, "you'd call it a one-horse fly, wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps."

"Then it was a one-horse town where we got this rig, wasn't it?"

"Don't be too fly, my son," said papa, grasping his whip and meeting the necessity firmly.—Chicago Tribune.

A Boer Delicacy.

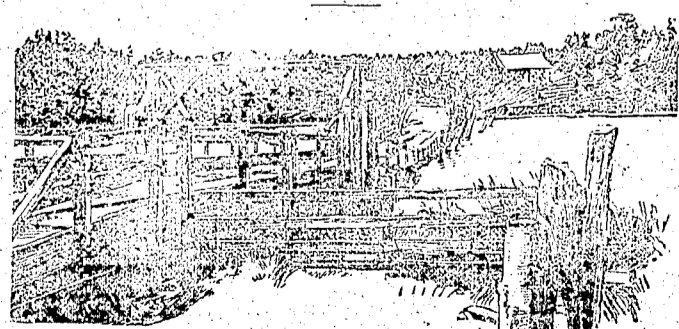
This is a Boer delicacy: A great square slice is cut off a loaf made of coarse, unsifted meal, and covered with a thick layer of jam—preferably strawberry. A row of sardines is then placed on top, and the oil from the sardine box is liberally poured over the whole.

A Greedy Crane.

A New York man claims to have shot a crane up in the Adirondacks that had forty-five trout in its stomach, none of which weighed less than a pound.

At the store where feathers are taken in trade the farmer's wife pays down for what she gets.

ODD FLOATING BRIDGES OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.



Floating bridges are picturesque affairs, but one who ventures on them for the first time feels that he is risking his safety in crossing. The one shown in the illustration does not span, but lies upon the beautiful Morrell river, in Prince Edward Island. The central portion is merely a raft, attached at each end to slightly more stationary divisions. The stretch is long, and as a vehicle crosses the bridge sways and threatens to float down stream. In the flood seasons, or even at high tide, the water frequently comes up over the timbers, and as the horse splashes through the water the sense of uneasiness increases if one is not braced to such methods of getting from one side of a river to another. In winter the bridge is embedded so firmly in the ice that it is as stable as the Brooklyn bridge, but at that season it is not needed, for one may cross anywhere on the ice for six months or more.

WORN AND USELESS.

AN OBSOLETE DECLARATION OF CAMPAIGN ISSUES.

Democrats Are Reaffirming the Chicago Calamity Platform of 1890 in Ignorant Disregard of Its Numerous Absurd Incongruities.

It being the fashion of Democratic State conventions in 1890 to "reaffirm" the Chicago platform of 1890, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat shrewdly raises the question whether all or any of these unanimous reaffirmers have actually read the declaration of principles which they now adopt as their own. Probably they have not. To suppose otherwise would be to assume a degree of astuteness and sagacity quite beyond that which is commonly characteristic of Democratic making.

Take, for example, the Ohio Democratic convention. Must one believe that the Committee on Resolutions knew what it was that they reaffirmed word for word? Is it possible that in the presence of calamity croakers and general prosperity far beyond any that has ever been experienced by the people of the United States, or by any other people on the face of the earth—is it possible that the Buckeye Bourbons remembered that in the Chicago platform of 1890 which they reaffirmed it is gravely asserted that the demoralization of silver has resulted in "the prostration of industry and the impoverishment of the people?" Where are the prostrate industries and the impoverished people? They existed in 1890 at the time the Chicago platform was promulgated, as the result, almost wholly, of free trade experiments in tariff making, but they do not exist in 1890, after two years of Republican tariff making.

Much has happened since the Chicago platform was written which makes

that there has been an advance in the prices of some common articles of consumption, amounting to an average of 15 per cent, but they fall in most cases to also fully state that wages have advanced fully 25 per cent, at the same time and the number of unemployed dwindled to insignificant proportions. The present industrial policy of the nation has, in its practical working, indicated the wisdom of its principles.—Minneapolis Progress.

Would Benefit the Country.

The nomination of Bryan next year now being accepted as a foregone conclusion, there is no doubt that many of the sound-money Democrats will welcome such action by the National Convention as a final disposition of the silver issue and its chief champion.

Men who deny the reorganization of the Democratic party on old Democratic lines realize that they can never accomplish their purpose until silver is dead and Bryan is out of the way, and they are beginning to realize that the surest method of bringing about the desired result is to help the Republicans administer another defeat to the cause of repudiation next year.

One thing certain is that if Bryan is nominated next year on the Chicago platform the silver issue will be brought to the front, and every man who voted against him three years ago will have as good cause to oppose his election then as he did in 1890. Every voter who opposed Bryan then will be against him next year, with the possible exception of the mugwumps, who are bound to oppose President McKinley on the expansion issue, and the silver champion will go down to defeat again. Thus it appears that Bryan's nomination would be beneficial to the country.—Cleveland Leader.

Product of Republican Policies.

The Lohi sugar factory started its season's run yesterday, with unusually rich promise. The season's product of sugar there will be greater than ever, because of the better quality of the beets and the satisfactory yield, and already the plans for next season con-

FULFILLMENT OF REPUBLICAN PLEDGES.



IN 1890.

that dismal apologue "look like thirty cents," and yet the party which "never learns and never forgets" keeps right on reaffirming that platform. It is asserted, seriously asserted, in these days of wonderful well-doing, that monometallism "has locked fast the prosperity of an industrial people in the paralysis of hard times." It is such rot as this that Democratic conventions are now "reaffirming." Well and truly, the Globe-Democrat remarks that

"The Chicago platform was made in the last year of a Democratic administration, under a chaotic, Democratic tariff law, and in a period of distressing Democratic depression. With the passing away of the Democratic blight the clouds vanished."

When the Chicago convention met that hybrid absurdity, the Wilson tariff law, was in force, throwing out of balance all forms of American industry, and at the same time producing insufficient revenue. Yet the Chicago platform contains this clause: "We denounce as disturbing to business the Republican threat to restore the McKinley law."

The Dingley law has been in operation two years, and the people are familiar with its results. It has revived our manufactures without oppressing any one and assisted in bringing about an era giving employment to all. The revenue from the Dingley law is a fourth larger than that of the Wilson law. Yet the Chicago platform said the McKinley law, upon which the Dingley law is patterned, "enriched the few at the expense of the many, restricted trade, and deprived the producers of the great American staples of access to their natural markets." Nevertheless, our foreign trade for the last two years has been enormously larger than ever before, in manufactured articles as well as the products of agriculture.

Democratic resolution writers would do well to read up on the platform of 1890, and endeavor to evolve something for present use that is not absolutely ridiculous in the light of known facts and conditions.

Loyal Black Men.

The sentiments entertained toward the administration of President McKinley by the colored people of the United States are indicated by the resolutions adopted by the Iowa conference of the African Methodist church, in session at Chicago, Sept. 11. With much enthusiasm the conference placed on record its indorsement of the Government's policy regarding the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico. On the subject of economic policy the resolutions declare:

"We would congratulate the country upon the fact that the present wise and economical administration of national affairs has brought a return of prosperity."

"Millions of wheels of industry, which two years ago were idle and still, are now rapidly revolving, the stream of commerce is once more flowing through the land, and future prospects are bright for increased prosperity in all lines of industry."

Free traders, mugwumps and copperheads are scarce articles among the colored men of this country.

Wages and Prices.

Those who refuse to confess the truth take pleasure in pointing out the fact

template operations a good deal more than double those of this season in magnitude and product. The pioneer sugar factory is a great institution, sure enough; and an especially gratifying feature of it is that it is a direct product of Republican policies.—Salt Lake City Tribune.

No Departure from the Old Infamy.

It is apparent that there is to be no abandonment of the silver issue by the Democratic leaders who rallied around Bryan three years ago. It is their purpose to put Bryan on the Chicago platform again next year, and fight the battle all over once more. The radical silver men are unwilling to admit that anybody can be a Democrat unless he accepts Bryan and the Chicago platform. They are getting ready to drive out of the party every man who is opposed to repudiation and in favor of the maintenance of private and public financial honor. It will be the same radical crusade against honesty and prosperity that Bryan made in 1890, and the result will be the same.

Of course these silverites are willing to add imperialism to the Chicago platform as a vote catcher, but no man who opposed Bryan's election three years ago will be able to find a good excuse for voting for him next year, if he is nominated in accordance with the program the silverites have laid down. He will deserve defeat for the same reasons he deserved it in 1890.

McKinley Is to Blame.

A number of construction concerns have had to close their works temporarily because the iron and steel mills of the country are unable to keep up with their orders. If it wasn't for the present administration, the Chicago Post says, this grievance would have happened. The iron and steel mills would have more material on hand than they could conveniently dispose of, and, incidentally, most of them would be shut down. Thus it is plain that this man McKinley must be defeated at the next election.

Different Conditions.

Larceny of labor will be the next crime charged to the Republican party. In St. Paul contractors are charging each other with stealing men in order to secure needed help to finish contracts. This is very different from the conditions that existed under the Cleveland administration when wage earners who held positions could not be induced to leave them for a single day in fear that they might lose them, and never again secure employment.—Livingston Enterprise.

An Admirable Fit.



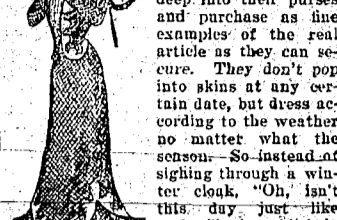
BEFORE SNOW FLIES.

CLOTH RULES UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

Different Styles Seen in the Fall Parade of Vanity Fair—Should You Wish to Wear Furs, They Must Be the Real Thing.

New York correspondence:

SUBSTITUTES for furs are not imitations of peltry at this season. When fashionable women get ready to wear furs they will dip deep into their purses and purchase as fine examples of the real article as they can secure. They don't put into skins at any certain date, but dress according to the weather no matter what the season.—So instead of sighing through a winter cloak, "Oh, isn't this day just like spring!" they blithely get out of heavy togs and into a cloth dress when the weather demands, this well into winter. A dress for such use receives so little wear that it will come forth in the early spring fresh and modish. Then it will be very useful in providing its owner a chance to make up her mind as to her spring gowns. Several types of these suits appear in the first two of these pictures. The first is



an especially natty one, that appearance being due partly to its material, a black and white pattern cloth of the pepper-and-salt order, but with an up-to-date look that frequently does not characterize such fabrics. These long overskirts are so gracefully cut, and so much to height and seem so suitable a relief to the prolonged lines of the trained skirt that it is hard to find fault with them. This jacket is a pretty model with its back cut short to the waist line, and the trimming of white serge is stylish. The latest motion with jacket bodices is that it is not enough to have one of novel cut, but it must also have unusual neck finish. Pictured here is one wherein a stock piece of velvet was passed about the collar twice. The ends were split so that when tied four points escaped.

Many of these gowns that precede wraps include some affect of coat or cloak, and of these none is more frequently seen than the redingote overskirt. In the next picture is one of dark red camel's hair, the edges bound with narrow rows of black satin ribbon. The redingote opened all down the front to show a skirt continuous in line with the underbodice. The bodice turned away in sailor collar effect over the redingote and showed a yoke of black velvet. These plain color velvet yokes are a feature of many a new gown, and they set off finely the rich complexion brought home from fall outing. There is a fancy just now for wattle dresses and a redingote design would specially well find itself to such a

ing up of the bust, gives a long, flattened figure that just now is considered the thing. Then such a yoke of lace takes away the unbecomingness of the usual white satin or silk at the throat. While such, such a yoke or mouseline de laine is as often used for the bridal gown as the heavier satin, and will prove much more useful in later wear. This gown was sheer crepe, the skirt trimmed about the face with applied Irish lace, leaving the skirt plain in overdress outline. The bridal veil of the season is white illusion, knotted into a becoming pompon that is set on the top of the head. One side of the veil draws over the face, its corner being knotted and fastening with the pompon. All bother of throwing back the veil is thus avoided.

The bride's mother and maids have been going in black, and at this fall's weddings. Especially does mamma get herself up in fine feathers. Reproduced here is a gown to be worn by the mother of an October bride, and brief consideration of its details will show how highly wrought it is. The polonaise of the lace robe is richly embroidered with maize color chenille and beads, and yoke and collar are of faint yellow silk corresponding to the foundation of the costume. Above this is a maize color tulle bonnet. These are the stylish affairs for weddings, and as delicate as if made of a bit of sunset cloud whipped to a puff have been seen at some of the swagger weddings lately. The barrel shape seen last spring

been going in black, and at this fall's weddings. Especially does mamma get herself up in fine feathers. Reproduced here is a gown to be worn by the mother of an October bride, and brief consideration of its details will show how highly wrought it is. The polonaise of the lace robe is richly embroidered with maize color chenille and beads, and yoke and collar are of faint yellow silk corresponding to the foundation of the costume. Above this is a maize color tulle bonnet. These are the stylish affairs for weddings, and as delicate as if made of a bit of sunset cloud whipped to a puff have been seen at some of the swagger weddings lately. The barrel shape seen last spring

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.



TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

TO BE WORN UNTIL FURS ARE NEEDED.

The Avalanche

G. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

THURSDAY, OCT. 19, 1899.

Entered in the Post Office, at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Republican County Convention.

The Republican electors of Crawford County will meet in convention by delegates, at the Court House, in Grayling, on Saturday, October 28th, 1899, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of nominating a county clerk, to be supported at the next election, and to transact such other business as may come before the convention.

The several townships are entitled to delegates as follows:
Grayling - 13 Beaver Creek, 5
Frederic - 3 Maple Forest, 4
South Branch, 4.

J. C. HANSON, CHAIRMAN.
T. A. CARNEY, Sec'y.

Law and order have obtained firm footholds in Havana, thanks to the Americans.

There are sixty tribes in the Philippines, they speak sixty different languages, and the whole outfit is about to be licked like a cat.

With its forepaws on South Africa and the Sudan, and its tail in China the Briti lion will have hard work keeping the mosquitos away.—Det. Tribune.

The "poor laboring man" is certainly ground down. Protection and a gold standard have given him so much to do that good wages that he hasn't time to go-a-fishing or get out into the woods and hunt "car."—Ex.

Sugar beets raised on the river bottom lands at the State House of Correction, at Ionia, show only 11.10 per cent sugar. This is below the average indicating that the rich bottom lands are not adapted to the development of sugar in the beet, although the yield of beets was very large.

Vick's Magazine comes out this month in regular magazine form and makes a handsome appearance. It appears by an editorial statement that Vick's Magazine is now entirely disconnected from the seed business and is issued as an independent publication by the Vick Publishing Co., Rochester, N. Y., having no connection whatever with any commercial establishment.

Commissioner Milo D. Campbell of the State Tax Commission says that over 1,000,000 worth of property in Michigan escapes taxation. He says that this does not refer to property exempt by law from taxation, but refers to property which should be taxed but which escapes. It is he says either hidden or lied down, or favored by officers who make up the tax rolls or fix the valuations. The tax commission proposes to reach this property and they promise to make it decidedly interesting for the tax dodgers in the future.

As an historical review of the development of the United States, President McKinley's address at Minneapolis was most valuable. It showed that every acquisition of territory was opposed and that these arguments were used as now being presented against the retention of the Philippines, yet in every instance the new territory has proved beneficial to the nation. The dire disasters predicted in each case, the creation of an empire, the interference of foreign powers, the subversion of the constitution, the scattering and division of the citizens of the country, all failed to materialize, while, as the President says, the century just closing has been a blessing to the nation, and has imposed no humiliation or dishonor.—Det. Tribune.

The following report by the Secretary of State is as good a showing as the people of this section can desire:
Oats—The estimated average yield per acre in bushels is 32 in the southern counties, 33 in the central counties, 37 in the northern counties, and 33 for the state.

Corn—The estimated average yield per acre is 32 in the southern, 30 in the central counties, 29 in the northern counties, and 31 in the state.

Potatoes—The estimated yield of potatoes is in the southern counties 67, in the central counties 68, in the northern counties 70, and in the state 68.

Beans—The estimated yield of beans per acre in bushels is, in the southern counties 11, in the central counties 14, in the northern counties 12 and in the state 12.

Buckwheat—The total acreage of buckwheat is 24,501. The average yield per acre in bushels is 11 in the southern counties, 12 in the central counties 11 in the northern counties, and 11 in the state.

Additional Local Matter.

H. Moon, of Beaver Creek, was in town, Monday.

J. J. Niederer came down from the farm, Monday. He put in 22 acres of wheat, this fall.

Miss Grace Penney, who is contemplating organizing a class in voice culture and chorus drill, will sing Sunday morning in the Methodist church.

FOR SALE—I will sell the balance of my household goods very cheap, as I intend to leave, and do not intend to remove furniture. Mrs. L. Meadows.

At a meeting of Register of Deeds and County Treasurers, at Lansing, it was decided to do the work required by the State Tax Commission and to bring a test suit against the Supervisors if extra pay is refused.

It Saved Her Life.

MISS MAMIE SMITH, Middlesboro, Ky., writes:

My little sister had the Croup very bad. I gave her several doses of Foley's Honey and Tar and she was instantly relieved. It saved her life. L. Fournier.

Admiral Farragut's old flag ship, the Hartford, has been reconstructed at San Francisco, and is again in commission. She is a small and vulnerable craft compared with a modern armored vessel, but her history entitles her to a place alongside the frigate Constitution.

It May Save Your Life.

A dose of two of Foley's Honey and Tar will prevent an attack of pneumonia, grip or severe cold if taken in time. Cures coughs, colds, croup, lagrippe, hoarseness, difficult breathing, whooping cough, incipient consumption, asthma or bronchitis. Gives positive relief in advanced cases of consumption, asthma or bronchitis. Guaranteed. L. Fournier.

Sir Henry Irving devoted part of his summer holidays to writing an article, which he has given to the Ladies Home Journal. It is called "Shakespeare in small communities," and tells how the study, reading aloud and acting of Shakespeare's work may be followed in communities away from the larger centres.

A Short, Sad Story.

A Cold.
Neglect.
Pneumonia.
Grief.

Had Foley's Honey and Tar been used this story would have had a happier ending. 25c and 50c. L. Fournier.

Among the good things done by the legislature was the passage of the law compelling commission dealers to file a bond of \$5,000. It is time that the farmers were protected from irresponsible sharks, and all reputable firms will cheerfully comply with the law, which went into effect last month.

YOU ought to know that when suffering from any kidney trouble that a safe, sure, remedy is Foley's Kidney Cure. Guaranteed or money refunded. L. Fournier.

It is said that Rudyard Kipling and Ernest Seton-Thompson met last winter and spent an evening telling each other animal stories. The interpreter of the jungle wanted a story of a grizzly bear. Mr. Thompson had one ready for him. It took an hour to tell it. When he had finished Mr. Kipling exclaimed: "That's fine, Thompson, why don't you write it?" Mr. Thompson has since written it under the title of "The Biography of a Grizzly," and its publication will be begun in the November number of the Century Magazine.

The Banner Pile Cures.

Is Banner Salve. It gives immediate relief and will soon effect a cure. 25c. L. Fournier.

It has been tersely stated that values are put on goods by human desire—a fact which the experienced merchant will keep in mind in connection with his advertising. The demand for certain lines of wares sustains the price of them at a profitable figure; but it is necessary for the tradesman—in order to take advantage of this demand—to let the public know where their favorite wares may be obtained. The most effective method of diffusing this information is through the advertising columns of a wide-circulated newspaper. The merchant who aspires to success must give publicity to his establishment and his goods.

A Lima Man's Testimony.

I have obtained excellent results from the use of Foley's Kidney Cure. It relieved my backache, and severe pain over the hips. It toned up my system and gave me new vim and energy. I regard it as an honest and reliable remedy for all kidney diseases. It makes no false claims, but does what it says when given a fair trial. I certainly recommend it. WM. PINN, 447 Elida Road, Lima, O. L. Fournier.

On the 10th of December, 1897, Rev. S. A. Donahue, pastor M. E. Church, South Pt. Pleasant, W. Va., contracted a severe cold which was attended from the beginning by violent coughing. He says: "After resorting to a number of so-called 'specifics' usually kept in the house, to no purpose, I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which acted like a charm. I most cheerfully recommend it to the public. For sale by L. Fournier.

It won't last long. We mean our offer to have the "Michigan Farmer" sent on trial every week until Jan. 1st, for only 15 cents. Every farmer wants and needs a good farm, stock and home journal, and we recommend The Michigan Farmer.

"I wish to express my thanks to the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, for having put on the market such a wonderful medicine," says W. W. Massingill, of Beaumont, Tex. There are many thousands of mothers whose children have been saved from attacks of dysentery and cholera infantum who must also feel thankful. It is for sale by L. Fournier.

The mechanical laboratory and shops of the Agricultural College are crowded almost to the limit with new students, and if the rush keeps up the legislature may be called upon for an appropriation to increase the capacity of this department.

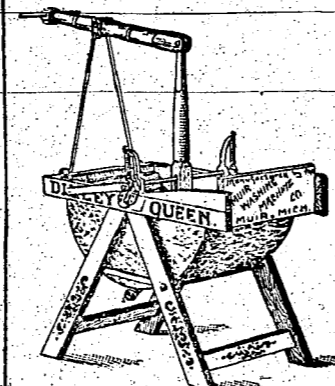
During the winter of 1897 Mr. James Reed, one of the leading citizens and merchants of Clay, County, W. Va., struck his leg against a cake of ice in such a manner as to bruise it severely. It became very much swollen and pained him so badly that he could not walk without the aid of crutches. He was treated by physicians, also used several kinds of liniment, and two and a half gallons of whisky in bathing it, but nothing gave relief until he began using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This brought almost a complete cure in a week's time and he believes that had he not used this remedy his leg would have had to be amputated. Pain Balm is unequalled for sprains, bruises and rheumatism. For sale by L. Fournier.

H. Feldhauser was in town Monday, after some repairs for his wagon.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. L. Fournier will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints, and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable. Julia—mo.

Dilley Queen

Washing Machine, Cloth Wringer and Drying Bars.



Maple Sugar and Fruit Evaporators, Sap Pails and Spiles.

"Sunlight Gas Generators", For Lighting Hotels, Public Buildings and private Residences.

The above goods are the best and latest improved on the market. Testimonials on application.

M. S. DILLEY & CO., 1012-1y FREDERIC, MICH.

Mortgage Sale.

WHEREAS default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the second day of April in the year eighteen hundred and ninety seven, executed by Daniel S. Wright, of Benzie, Michigan, to A. Kano, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Crawford, State of Michigan, in Liber D of Mortgages, on page 508, on the third day of April A. D. 1897, at eight o'clock a. m.

And whereas the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of two hundred and fifty seven and 69-100 dollars of principal and interest, and the further sum of twenty dollars as an attorney fee stipulated for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.

Now therefore notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House, in the village of Grayling, in said county of Crawford on Saturday the sixth day of January A. D. 1900, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows: To wit: The west half of the southeast quarter (w1 of s4) of section twenty eight (28) township twenty-five (25) north of Range two (2) west, containing eighty acres more or less, according to the government survey.

Dated Grayling, Mich., October 11th, 1899.

A. KANN, MORTGAGEE. GEO. L. ALEXANDER, Atty. 1012-13w

Dr. Weir Mitchell's new story, which The Century Magazine will print in serial form, beginning with November, is called "The Autobiography of a Quack." Dr. Mitchell has used his knowledge of the under side of the profession in a way which is said to make an unusually attractive psychological study.

The Michigan Hardwood Company is the name of a company recently organized for the purpose of manufacturing into merchantable product the timber of a large tract of land located in Kalkaska county. The parties composing the company are J. O. Lumbden, H. J. Ward and F. M. Ward. The office of the company will be in Big Rapids. The company will build a mill and railroad, and have timber enough for a four year's cut.

J. E. Gumm this season picked 115 bushels of plums, 15 bushels of apples and some 20 bushels of pears from his orchard in Rogers City. The young fruit orchards in this vicinity now seem to be making up to their owners for the capital they invested in them a few years ago.—Presque Isle Advance.

The State Forestry Commission, created by the last Legislature, is organized with Hon. C. W. Garfield, of Grand Rapids, President, and Hon. W. A. French, Commissioner of the State Land Office, Secretary. Deeded lands now held by the state for homestead will be selected for their experiments. Crawford county is in the list to be considered, and from our location ought to be one of the favored.

New Store,
New Goods,
—AND—
LOWEST PRICES
—AT—

JOSEPH'S NEW STORE

Next Door to Claggett & Blair.

I just returned from New York City with a full line of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ladies and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, &c. &c., and have spared neither time nor money to secure the best.

I will be pleased to show goods, and guarantee goods and prices; if not satisfactory, money will be cheerfully refunded. I defy competition and sell better goods for less money than can be bought elsewhere.

R. JOSEPH,
ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.

Grayling, Michigan.

The Cure that Cures
Coughs,
Colds,
Grippe,
Whooping Cough, Asthma,
Bronchitis and Incipient
Consumption is

OTTO'S CURE

Sold by all druggists 25c and 50c.

Cincinnati,
Hamilton &
Dayton Ry.,

The direct line from TOLEDO, VIA DAYTON, CINCINNATI, TO LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NEW ORLEANS, JACKSONVILLE, ASHEVILLE, FLORIDA, TEXAS and the SOUTH.

CINCINNATI LINE.
Three Trains Daily Detroit to Cincinnati.

Five Trains every Week-day, Toledo to Cincinnati.

INDIANAPOLIS LINE.

Two Trains every Week-day from Detroit and Toledo to Indianapolis.

Vestibule Sleeping Cars on all Night Trains. Parlor Cars on Day Trains.

G. E. GILMAN, D. P. A., Toledo, Ohio.

D. G. EDWARDS, Pass'r Traffic Manager, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Circuit Court Assignment.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, The 34th Judicial Circuit.

PURSUANT to the statute in such case made and provided, I hereby fix and appoint the times of holding the terms of the Circuit Court within the 34th Judicial Circuit of the state of Michigan for the years 1900 and 1901 as follows:

Arenac County—Third Tuesday in February, June and October.

Crawford County—Third Tuesday in January, May and September.

Glavin County—Second Tuesday in February, June and October.

Ogemaw County—Fourth Tuesday in February, June and October.

Osego County—Fourth Tuesday in January, May and September.

Roscommon County—Second Tuesday in January, May and September.

Dated West Branch, Mich., Sept. 22d, 1899.

NELSON SHARPE, sep28-6w CIRCUIT JUDGE.

Great Money Saving SALE AT R. MEYERS'.

The latest and best line of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Ladies' and Gent's Furnishing Goods and Trunks will be placed before the public on about October 11th 1899, on sale at prices that will astonish you. We can not mention any of them, as they are too numerous.

Please call and see how much you can save by buying of us during this great sale.

Everything must be sold out in a short time for Cash only.

R. MEYERS,
The Corner Store. GRAYLING, MICH.

WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER.

AT THE OLD RELIABLE FURNITURE STORE.

THE WALL PAPER SEASON is here, and I have the best stock of the latest and handsest patterns, at 15 to 40 cents per roll, and borders from 2 to 8 cents per yard.

Remember that when you buy Wall Paper of me, you will get full sized Double Rolls, not the half or so called Single Rolls.

Call and see me before buying elsewhere. Grayling, Michigan. J. W. SORENSON

THE GUSS OF WALL Were liable to create sad havoc among our troops at Cuba, but there is an element in our midst that is equally as destructive to property as bullets are to human life. Breastworks and fortifications protect our boys from shot and shell, but the Grand Rapids Fire Insurance Company protects all from loss by the ravages of the fire fiend. The Grand Rapids Fire Insurance Company does the largest business in Michigan of any Michigan Company. O. Palmer, Agent. - Grayling, Mich.

The Best Hotel in Detroit

Can do no more for you in the way of comfortable beds and good meals than the Franklin House, at Bates and Larned Streets. Rates are 15c to 35c a day. American plan. Woodward and Jefferson Avenues are only a short way, with cars to all parts of the city. Excellent accommodations for transient. H. N. JAMES & SON, Proprietors, Bates and Larned Sts., Detroit, Mich.

WIDE A CRESCENT BICYCLE

WIDE A CRESCENT BICYCLE

The Avalanche.

THURSDAY, OCT. 19, 1899.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Cotton batts, 5 cts roll at Joseph's.

Children's underwear, fleece lined, 15 cents each, at Joseph's.

Harry Pond and wife came home from their Detroit trip, last Friday. Children's fleece lined hose, 8 cents a pair, at Joseph's.

Buy a Garland Stove and keep warm. For sale by S. H. & Co.

J. P. Hanna, of Beaver Creek, was in town, Monday.

Ladies' fleece lined black hose, 15 cents a pair, at Joseph's.

L. O. Huxley, of Maple Forest, was in town, Saturday.

Muresco is the best Wall Finish in the market. Sold by Colter & Co.

Kellis Charron began scaling in Tyler's camp, last week.

Men's heavy weight shirts and drawers, for 19c cash, at Joseph's.

Halger Hanson returned from an extended trip to Toledo, Saturday.

Our Grocery Department is the most complete in Northern Michigan. S. H. & Co.

Remember and pay your past due subscription. We need the cash.

Heavy wool socks, 10c a pair, at Joseph's.

Wm. Feldhauser returned from a trip to Ann Arbor, Saturday.

Ladies Boston Storm Rubbers, 45c at Joseph's.

Marius Hanson came up from Toledo on a flying business trip, last week.

Misses Storm Rubbers, 35c a pair, at Joseph's.

Misses Annie Canfield and Jessie Owen were home from their schools for Sunday.

Penicular Stoves and Ranges guaranteed the best. Sold by A. KRAVS.

Outing Calico and Gingham, 4c per yard, at Joseph's.

Chas. Blanchard has begun cutting the timber on the north half of section 33, Tp. 27 N. R. 3 W.

Scotch Plaids, 8 and 10c goods, for 5c, at Joseph's.

W. S. Chalker came down from the farm, Monday, looking natural, and feeling good over his crops.

Men's Boston-sag-proof Rubbers, \$1.00 at Joseph's.

HOUSE FOR SALE—One of the most desirable in the village. Enquire of J. G. Bourke. oc1-3w

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Jerome returned from a visit at Saginaw, last Saturday.

The Stanley Underwear takes the lead, buy no others. For sale by S. H. & Co.

Call and see our ladies' underwear. Best in the world for the price. R. Joseph.

Mrs. Chas. Trombley is enjoying a visit from her sister, Mrs. Stephens of Bay City.

Ladies' fleece lined silk mixed Hermodorf hose, 25 cents a pair at Joseph's.

Thomas KeChitigo has moved down to Dr. Niles' farm, in Oscoda county, to take care of stock.

Before buying your Fall and Winter Goods call and see us. We can save you money. R. Joseph.

FOR RENT—Five room house with wood house and stable. Inquire at this office.

That line of Men's Underwear at Goudrows, for \$1.00 a suit, is a hummer.

Just received 3000 yards of Outing Flannel; fancy plaids, striped and mixed, at the store of S. H. & Co.

FOR SALE—A good coal stove used but two winters. Inquire at this office.

A new line of Men's Boots and Shoes, Socks and Underwear at Goudrows.

FOR SALE—A book case, bedroom sets, stoves, chairs, etc. Inquire of T. A. Carney.

We can save you from 25 to 40 per cent on Dry Goods, compared with the prices of those who give sales. R. Joseph.

We offer you highly and fancy decorated Dinner Sets of 100 pieces at the remarkably low price of \$8.50 per set. S. H. & Co.

We buy all our goods in New York City, not in Bay City or Saginaw, and give you better values than you can secure elsewhere. R. Joseph.

FOR SALE—A first class work team weighing 2800 to 2900 pounds at Ward's camp, one mile east of Fredrick. D. James. oc1-3w

Subscribe for the "Avalanche" and "The Household." Only \$1.50 per year.

Burt Wilcox and Frank Ingerson were in town Saturday, for supplies for Wilcox' camp on the North Branch.

Mrs. W. H. Niles gave her Sabbath School class a tea party last Thursday afternoon. A pleasant time is reported by the Misses.

Olaf and Fred Michelson returned from Germany, Saturday. They report the father improving nicely in health, and all enjoying the trip.

J. W. Sorenson is agent for the sale of the best Sewing Machines in the market. Machines guaranteed. Call and examine machines, and get prices.

W. F. and W. R. Johnston have taken a job of lumbering near Grayling, and will start camp next week. Jas. Sively will run camp for them.—Ros. News.

C. M. Smith, of Gerish informs us that the way his carrots turned out they would yield 600 bushels to the acre, and still they say this land is worthless.—Ros. News.

Orders for parts of all kinds, and for all kinds of Sewing Machines will have special attention at J. W. Sorenson's. He also keeps a good assortment of Machine Needles.

Lost—Between Stephen's bridge and Frazier's on the North Branch, three bed quilts, rolled up in carpet. Finder please inform D. Stephan of this office, and receive reward.

Ladies will find an elegant line of shoes and rubbers and something entirely new in leggings and overshoes at Goudrows. Call and see them whether you wish to buy or not.

I. H. Richardson and Chas. I. Richardson, of South Branch, drove up 17 head of graded cattle, Monday, which were sold at a satisfactory price. Good stock brings money.

FOR SALE—One of the best farms in Maple Forest, 80 acres, comfortable buildings, 40 acres improved, nearly all seeded, small orchard. Price and terms at the bottom. W. H. Sherman. oc1-3w

Fred Raymond, of Munising, a former resident here, stopped over Sunday, to visit father Newman and family. He was on the way to the grand lodge I. O. O. F. as a representative.

R. Hanson and wife with Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Salling, of Manistee, are taking their vacation in a pleasure trip across the continent. They will visit Oregon, Washington, and California, taking in the places of interest en-route.

M. A. Bates was called to New York, last Thursday, by a telegram announcing the death of his brother-in-law. He had been an invalid for a long time, but was thought to be improving until a few days ago.

The cooking school at Salling, Hanson & Co's, and Claggett & Blair's store, this week, has created quite an excitement, and advertised the line goods in great shape. The pies, cakes &c. are pronounced excellent.

No services were held last Sunday in the churches at Gaylord, on account of the typhoid and scarlet fever epidemic. The village council has also closed the public schools, and children are not allowed to congregate in the streets or elsewhere.

Myron H. French, the banker of West Branch, was acquitted in the Bay County Court, to where the case had been removed, last week. His friends had stood by him loyally, believing in his innocence, and that his failure was not by fraud.

Frank Michelson has just bought two of the best bred short horns in the state to put with their herd on the Houghton Lake farm. One is a Perle Duke, bred by Curtis of Hillsdale county and weighs about 1800 pounds. The other is a roan, younger, but a beauty at 1400 pounds. They are the kind that pays.

A. J. Love and wife went to Bay City the first of last week, and from there Mrs. Love will make an extended visit with her friends in Shiawassee county. His business has been such that this is their first outing for pleasure in a long time, and it is hoped they will have an enjoyable time, such as they deserve.

On account of the continued absence of County Clerk Hartwick and the withdrawal of some of his bondsmen the Board of Supervisors have declared the office vacant, and ordered a special election, Tuesday, November 21st, to fill the vacancy. It is understood that Mr. Hartwick has engaged in business in Seattle, Washington, where he has been for the past seven months.

Having during the past year made large additions to his extensive tract of redwood timber in California, Dr. David Ward, the Detroit millionaire, is not only the largest timber owner in Michigan, but he is also the largest timber owner in California.

To give an idea of his holdings in the latter state we will say that he owns more than a million feet of redwood.—Matamoras Herald.

BAR-BEN

THIS GREAT RESTORATIVE is a "natural" medicine, but is prepared direct from the formula of Dr. R. P. Barton, M. D., Cleveland's most eminent specialist, by Hjalmer O. Benson, Ph.D., U.S. BAR-BEN is the greatest restorative and invigorator for men and women. It creates solid flesh, muscle and strength, clears the brain, makes the blood pure and rich and causes a general feeling of health, strength and renewed vitality, while the generative organs are helped to regain their normal powers and the sufferer is quickly made conscious of direct benefit. One box will work wonders, six should perfect a cure. Prepared in small sugar coated tablets easy to swallow. The days of calumny compounds, nervous prostration and vile liquid tonics are over. BAR-BEN is for sale at all drug stores, a dollar a box for 50 cents, or we will mail it securely sealed on receipt of price. BAR-BEN is sold by LUCIEN FOURNIER, DRUGGIST, GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

I am now prepared to write policies in a first class insurance company. JOSEPH PATTERSON.

Do not forget the O. E. Conundrum Social, in the Presbyterian church parlors, this evening. Supper 25c for two, or 15c for one.

By the use of the magic necktie you will be enabled to solve what you are going to eat Thursday for supper. Come, gratify curiosity.

Miss Grace Penney, teacher of voice culture will be at the home of Mrs. Woodworth, Monday, from 10 to 12 a. m. and from 2 to 4 p. m., to meet any who may desire either private lessons or chorus work.

Every family in Michigan should read "The Household," a monthly magazine of unusual merit; subscription price one dollar a year. Subscribers to the AVALANCHE can have it for 50 cents a year.

The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church will give a Library Social at the church, Tuesday evening October 24th, at 8 o'clock. Everyone is kindly invited to represent a book in some manner. Please bring pencils. A pleasing program has been arranged also.

Died—At her home in North Springfield, Penn., Oct. 14th, 1899, Mrs. Lucy Milligan, aged 70 years. Deceased was well known to many of our Grayling people, being the mother of Mrs. L. T. Wright, with whom she resided for about eight years. About two years ago she removed to North Springfield, where she continued to reside up to the time of her death. Funeral services were held at Breckenridge, Mich., on Sunday Oct. 15th.

Many of the business people of Grayling have taken into their heads to have a lecture course. It is a step in the right direction, and would be a decided blessing to the town. It is decided to have four lectures and one musical entertainment. This course is emphatically not a money making affair, but an attempt to give the people of Grayling the best possible entertainments at the least possible cost, so as to come out even. It is not for the benefit of any particular class, but for all classes. These entertainments are instructive and delightful, and of such variety to suit all. The season tickets soon to be issued, will take in the five entertainments for one dollar. This brings each to the small cost of twenty cents. Put your shoulder to the wheel, and help yourself and everybody else. Get a season ticket.

The leading potato growers in Wexford County say that the yield this year will not exceed 100 bushels to the acre, and expect the price will go up to at least 50c on account of the short crop. The potato crop of Otsego County will not average more than half what it was last year, and at present 15c is the price offered by local buyers. According to the Kalkaska Leader, potatoes are bringing 25c per bushel in that town.—Otsego Co. Herald.

List of Letters Remaining in the Post Office at Grayling for the week ending Oct. 16th 1899.

Chas. Trender, Earl Grey, W. Dix, Allen Andrews, Chas. Bearse.

Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say "Advised."

M. A. BATES, P. M.

Detroit Live Stock Market.

Mich. CENTRAL LIVE STOCK YARDS, Oct. 17th 1899.

The demand for live cattle is active this week; receipts have been moderate of late. The following prices are being paid at the Detroit Live Stock Market:

Prime steers and heifers \$4.50 @ 5.50; heavy butchers' cattle, \$4.00 @ 4.40; common, \$2.25 @ 2.50; canners' cows, \$1.00 @ 2.50; stockers and feeders, \$1.00 @ 2.50.

Milch cows, steady at \$30.00 @ 35.00; calves, active at \$5.00 @ 6.50; sheep and lambs, small receipts and easy; prime lambs \$4.50 @ 5.00; mixed \$3.25 @ 4.25; culls \$1.50 @ 2.50.

Hogs are the leading feature in this market; fair receipts; trade is active at the following prices: Prime medium \$1.45 @ 1.50; Yorkers \$1.40 @ 1.45; pigs \$1.20 @ 1.25; rough \$1.00 @ 1.25; stags, 10c; coppers, \$1.00 per cwt. off.

CLAGGETT & BLAIR

Headquarters for This Part of the Earth.

And don't you be the last person in the world to find out where the best goods are sold cheap. We have a complete line of Staple and Fancy Groceries, consisting of new Teas and Coffees, Pure Spices and Canned Goods.

Their specialties are "Ye Old Fashioned Japan Tea" at 50 cents, Royal Java and Mocha at 35 cents; Ja-vo Blend, the best 25 cents coffee on earth; McArthur's Patent, the best flour in the city for bread; Pure Lard, Hams, Shoulders and Bacon.

For the best of everything at fair figures go to

CLAGGETT & BLAIR.

School Supplies.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

And Carry Everything in Stock

Needed in the School Room, consisting of

SCHOOL BOOKS, TABLETS, SLATES, PENS, PENCILS, SCHOOL BAGS, COLORED CRAYONS, ERASERS, &c., &c.

We invite attention to our line of Tablets which is entirely new and larger than ever.

LUCIEN FOURNIER, Druggist, Grayling, Michigan.

Lewis Jensen is building an addition on the front of his store, at Bagley, which will be used as a post office.

Job Couldn't Have Stood It. If he'd had itching piles, They're terrible annoying; but Buckler's Arnica Salve will cure the worst case of Piles on earth. It has cured thousands. For Injuries, Pains or Bodily Eruptions its the best salve in the world. Price 25c a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by L. Fournier druggist.

Some contracts for hemlock logs have already been placed in this locality at \$4.25 per thousand feet. This is an encouraging outlook, and one which would seem to predict that still better prices will rule as the season advances.—Onaway Dem.

Bismarck's Iron Nerve. Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. Only 25 cents at Fournier's drug store.

We will give a free trial subscription to The Michigan Farmer, to run until Jan. 1st, to every subscriber who will pay all arrearages within the next thirty days, for 15 cents.

Robbed the Grave. A startling incident is narrated by John Oliver, of Philadelphia, as follows: "I was in an awful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite, growing weaker every day. Three physicians had given me up. Then I was advised to use Electric Bitters; to my great joy, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c., guaranteed at Fournier's drug store.

The Michigan Farmer always stops at the expiration of the time subscribed for. For only 15 cents we will have it sent to you on trial every week until Jan. 1st. Don't fail to get a free sample copy at our office.

A Thousand Tongues. Could not express the rapture of Annie B. Springer, of Philadelphia, when Dr. King's New Discovery cured her of a hacking cough that, for many years had made life a burden. She says: "After all other remedies and doctors failed it soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the Universe." Dr. King's New Discovery is guaranteed to cure all diseases of the throat, chest or lungs. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at L. Fournier's.

Notice. Parties having young cattle can find a ready market for them by applying to us. We will pay highest market price.

SALEMAN, HANSON & CO.

Going Out of BUSINESS.

Having decided to discontinue business, my entire stock of Merchandise consisting of

Clothing, Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Cloaks, Wrappers, Skirts, Blankets, Furnishing Goods, Shoes, Hats, Mackintoshes, Trunks, &c, Will be sold

At Cost & less than Cost.

The entire stock is composed of reliable and seasonable Goods such as we have always been known to carry, and while we regret that we must sacrifice this splendid stock, necessity knows no help for it, for we must Dispose of the Goods in order to convert

THE SAME into IMMEDIATE CASH,

Store for Rent, or will sell Building.

IKE ROSENTHAL, GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

Leading One Price Clothing, Dry Goods, Shoe, Hat and Cap HOUSE.

OUR GENERAL CATALOGUE is the book of the people—it quotes Wholesale Prices to Everybody, has over 1,000 pages, 15,000 illustrations, and 50,000 descriptions of articles with prices. It costs 75 cents to print and mail each copy. We want you to have one. SEND FIFTEEN CENTS to show your good faith, and we'll send you a copy FREE, with all charges prepaid.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. Michigan Ave. and Madison Street CHICAGO

W.B. FLYNN, Dentist WEST BRANCH, MICH.

Will make regular trips to Grayling the 10th of each month, remaining for three days. Office with Dr. Lusley.

COLTER & CO. GRAYLING, MICH.

Is prepared to do all kinds of

UPHOLSTERING AND REPAIRING

We have a Fine Stock of

WALL PAPER, PICTURE FRAMES, WINDOW CURTAINS, PAINTS, &c., &c

Call and examine Goods and Prices before buying elsewhere.

Shop in Photograph Gallery next to Opera House

C. C. WESCOTT, DENTIST, GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

Office—Over Alexander's law office, on Michigan Avenue. Office hours—8 to 12 a. m., and 2 to 6 p. m.

YOU CAN PATENT

Anything you invent or improve; also get TRADE-MARK, COPYRIGHT or DESIGN PROTECTION. Send model, sketch, or photo for free examination and advice. No attorney's fee before patent. To G. A. SNOW & CO. Patent Lawyers, WASHINGTON, D. C.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

Any one sending a sketch or model will quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Snow & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

MUNN & CO. 351 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 25 E. St., Washington, D. C.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

TIME CARD—GOING NORTH.

LV. GRAYLING. AR. AT MACLENAW. Maclelaw Express, 4:30 P. M. 7:15 P. M. Maclelaw Exp., 3:10 A. M. 6:50 A. M. N. Y. Express, 12:20 A. M. 3:45 P. M. Accommodation, 12:30 P. M. 9:10 P. M. Way Freight, 12:30 P. M. 3:50 P. M.

GOING SOUTH.

LV. GRAYLING. AR. AT MACLENAW. Maclelaw Express, 9:00 P. M. 6:20 P. M. N. Y. Express, 12:20 A. M. 3:45 P. M. Accommodation, 12:30 P. M. 9:10 P. M. Way Freight, 12:30 P. M. 3:50 P. M.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

IF YOU WANT

A "HARRISON WAGON,"

"The Best On Wheels,"

OR A

CLIPPER PLOW, or a

GALE PLOW, or a

HARROW,

(Spike, Spring or Wheel.)

CULTIVATOR or WHEEL HOE,

Or Any Implement Made

A CHAMPION BINDER

Or MOWER, Daisy Hay Rake,

Or Any Style of CARRIAGE,

Call at the Warehouse in rear of the Avalanche Office.

O. PALMER, Grayling, Mich

FEUDS IN KENTUCKY.

WILD VENDETTAS OF THE MOUNTAIN REGION.

Three Desperate and Bloody Feuds Raging in One County—Hundreds of People Killed—Wars of Extermination Waged by Three Families.

Clay County, Kentucky, is probably the most famous district of its size in the United States, says a correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean. Kings County, New York, and Cook County, Illinois, are of slight interest to the general public, compared to the little moonshine border, whose largest town has only 250 inhabitants. "Bloody Clay" holds three distinct feuds within its borders. Its simple, uncouth natives live in a state of continual warfare. Every gathering is enlivened by a shooting affray. Conditions in Clay County have been so bad for some time that one might expect to find a state of anarchy. Conditions in Clay County have been so bad for some time that one might expect to find a state of anarchy.

The three vendettas now in progress here are known as the Philpot-Griffin, Garrard-Baker-White-Howard, and Markum-Roberts. In addition to this the first of two other feuds are smoldering ready to break into flame at the first crack of a rifle. These are the Sizemore-Asher and the Stapleton-Blige feuds.

Up to date twenty-two people have been killed in feud warfare in Clay County. In comparison with Kentucky's two other historic feuds—the French-Eversole and Strong-Army, in which 131 people were killed, the loss

day by shooting turkeys, eating cheese and crackers, and drinking moonshine whiskey. Up the road came three young whippers, "Jim Crow," Pete, and Pleasant. They rode past the store at a gallop, consulted together, and rode back.

"Smith Cheek, lemme in your store. I'm the best shot in Clay County, and I kin prove it," shouted "Jim Crow" Philpot to the Griffin gang inside.

"No, ye ain't," retorted Morris. "I live in the same county," and with this he fired on young "Jim Crow" Philpot, and the "fightin" began. Every man in the crowd joined the fracas, and when the smoke of battle cleared away



TOM BAKER AND HIS SON "JIM."

William Bundy Jay, dead, and Smith Cheek, the storekeeper, had "drapped part of one ear." Not long after that Evans Chadwell was shot and killed by one of the Philpots, who fired at him from ambush.

Battle of Hooker's Branch. On July 17, 1898, occurred the battle of Hooker's branch, a terrible affray, unequalled in the annals of Kentucky feuds. George Philpot, his two sons, Pete and Bob, and a nephew, Edward Fisher, started for Red Bird Creek to cut timber. On the way they met "Wash" Thacker, a deputy sheriff, who had a bench warrant to compel "Bob" Philpot to appear as a witness before the Grand Jury. They met in a little opening in the forest where the road crosses Hooker's branch. George Philpot began writing out a bond, the rest

the feuds within a few days at Manchester, and it is expected that they will be released. Then, according to the popular belief, "I-I will be turned loose again in Clay."

The White-Howard Feud.

The Garrard-Baker-White-Howard feud runs back several years. Two of the most powerful families in the county, the Whites and the Garrards, are involved. At the head of the one faction is Judge Beverly White, related to various lawyers, Congressmen and Governors. Gen. Theophilus T. Garrard, leader of the opposing clan, is a member of a family distinguished in this country and in England. Members of both factions in this feud, with the exception of hired retainers, are an advance upon the illiterate clansmen of the Philpot-Griffin vendetta. At present the Whites and their connections hold all the county offices and are in a position financially to carry on the quarrel to better advantage than their enemies. Two of the Bakers are now in jail at London, twenty-four miles away from Manchester, and active hostilities have ceased temporarily. Much of the fighting in this vendetta has been done by hired men, who received \$1 a day and their "keep," by which is meant the supplying of ammunition, bacon and corn bread.

Of the personal courage of the leaders of the feud there can be no doubt. The Bakers are said to have Indian blood in their veins, a fact which may account for the alacrity with which they take to the methods of fighting peculiar to the red men. Susan Callahan, a half-Cherokee, is among their ancestors. Captain "Bill" Strong, who is reported to have slain twenty-five men with his own hand, was her grandson. Dr. Abner Baker, who flourished in Clay County half a century ago, killed a number of men in his time and finally was hanged for murder.

General Garrard a Factor. Gen. T. T. Garrard, who figures in the present troubles as a friend of the

HAVE HOT BATHS FOR HORSES.

South Dakota Trainer Perfects an Equine Bathing Place. James I. Welo of Yankton, S. D., has a Turkish bath for his horses. What is good for man must be good for the horse, was the argument uppermost in Mr. Welo's mind when he began to work out his idea for the treatment of tired race horses by the Turkish bath method. If a wearied business man can get refreshed up, revived and restored to his former buoyancy by being parbathed, rubbed, scrubbed and knotted and then vigorously towelled and put to rest on a slab, why should not the condition of a thoroughbred be improved by the same process? The argument appealed to local racing men and sound and logical, and Welo was encouraged to concentrate his mechanical powers on an apparatus that would be suitable to perform the "Turkish" process of stimulation of tired muscles



TURKISH BATH FOR RACE HORSES.

At the race track or in connection with the traveling stable. The finished work is a complete vapor bath that is portable and will permit of trainer or attendant giving his horse a Turkish bath immediately before a race is run and send him to the starting post keyed up to the very pitch of perfection, or, as he comes off the track in a steaming sweat, he can be led off to the bath, boxed up, partially boiled and taken out to the compartment where the rubbing down process is to be carried on.

The accompanying illustration shows the exterior and interior of what may be called the "hot room" of Mr. Welo's Turkish bath for horses. The animal is led to the double doors that afford entrance to the apartment. He is allowed to put his head and neck through an aperture in the front of the bath, so that the hot air shall in no way be dangerous to his lungs; the doors are then closed on his flanks, and he stands enveloped in vapor that curls around his glossy skin and opens up a hot and wholesome pathway to horsey health.

The possibility of improving the condition of a racer by giving him a hot air bath may have occurred to the owners of thoroughbreds before, but it is so difficult of accomplishment that it has never been carried out. A horse cannot be led into a hot room and cannot be kept still during the sweating process. It is none too easy to get a human being, to whom the luxury of a Turkish bath is a novelty, to stay the requisite length of time in the hot room. To expect a highly strung flyer of the race track to stand still while being half boiled alive was out of the question.

The device designed by Mr. Welo for giving his horses a Turkish bath provides for all this. With the equine's head in the open air the horse is prepared to submit with a good grace to warmth at his flanks. In case of the animal, however, exhibiting wildness, a rope can be attached to rings fitted to the hot room, which will prevent the animal from trying to bolt through the aperture intended only for the head.

OWNER OF THE SHAMROCK.

Lipton Laid the Foundation for His Millions in This Country. One of the first things that strike the American traveler in England is the sign, "Lipton Ltd.," stuck up over every second place in London, and possibly 500 outside of it. In fact, about every other butcher shop in the kingdom seems to be the property of "Lipton Ltd." Of course, every one knows who Lipton is, but it is not generally known that the Shamrock's owner is only a stockholder in a company which



SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

bears this title. Another feature about these places is the air of decidedly American enterprise about them. There are Lipton's teams; also, Lipton's cakes and Lipton's bread, to say nothing of a hundred other things that are Lipton's, also.

English society doesn't speak well of Lipton. Mention him to one of the aristocracy and his response is: "He's a good fellow, but not one of us, you know. He's like one of you American chaps." These are some of the expressions, but the common people are with him, for Lipton, Ltd., has cut prices so that many a workman's family now has a Sunday dinner such as they never

enjoyed before the Anglo-American nobleman began business.

Sir Thomas is a type of the real Anglo-American. Though of Irish parentage he grew up in Scotland, gained his business experience in America and made his money in England. As a boy he raised enough money to reach New York from Glasgow, traveling in the steerage. In the metropolis he first found enough to keep him alive as a chore boy in a store on Broadway, where he remained about three years. At the end of this time he was about as well off as when he landed—possibly a dollar or so better. One day he saw a vessel loaded with cotton in the North River, and managed to work his passage back on her to Charleston, where he saw the cotton in the fields, but those were the days just after the war when you couldn't find enough money in Carolina, except Confederate money, to average \$3 to the square mile, and after a couple of years of it he returned to



TURKISH BATH FOR RACE HORSES.

New York. This time he had work enough to get together about \$200 and decided to go back home. There he started in business selling trinkets, candles, toys for children, and showed his ability as a tradesman, for this is Lipton's forte. Gradually he worked into the grocery and provision business, enlarging as he succeeded. For the first ten years he confined his operations to Glasgow, then he branched in Belfast, and finally worked up a trade, especially in Irish bacon and eggs, sending them to England in quantities. He made contracts with farmers in various parts of the kingdom to supply him with certain grades of hams and other specialties, for which he was noted. Then he turned his attention to the chances in Chicago for buying provisions and in a few years he had the American branch, supplying the English and other stores with a large portion of their stock. And so he has succeeded until his wealth is well up in the millions—how many is a question. He is yet in the prime of life, but 49—and not a gray hair in his head.

The Doctor's Story.

A Pennsylvania doctor who has decided vein of humor in his make-up tells this story:

"I had an Irish woman for a patient many years. God rest her soul she is now dead. I once pulled her through a lingering attack of typhoid, taking her temperature from time to time by having her hand a thermometer under her tongue. When she had nearly recovered I called one day and without further testing her temperature, left a simple prescription and started on my way home. About three miles from her house I was overtaken by her son on horseback.

"Mother is worse," said he, 'come right back!'

"Back I went. 'Docther,' said the old lady, reproachfully, 'why didn't you give me the jigger under my tongue? That did me more good than all the rest of yer dr' trash!'" —New York Tribune.

How He Crossed the Bridge.

The unaffected modesty which marks the best type of courage is one of the most winning traits a man can have, be he soldier or civilian. During a recent battle in the Philippines, a Kansas regiment was brought to a halt at a wrecked bridge. The trying situation is thus described by a hero of the war, Lieut. Col. Little:

"As the column was across and my battalion at the head of the column, my bugler, Berry of Company F, and I were the first to reach the bridge, and, of course, the first to cross. 'I've read of men crossing bridges under fire at the head of columns, and supposed the sensation was peculiar. It was not. A man simply tries to paddle along as fast as he can, and get across. I beat Berry over, but we haven't decided yet whether I was the braver or the worse scared!'"

Advertised.

A new and vibrant postmaster in a small rural town had received instructions to advertise all letters unclaimed for at the end of a certain length of time. He obeyed orders by inserting the following advertisement in the village weekly paper at the end of the first week of his term of office:

There are ten letters in the postoffice that nobody has called for. If them they belong to don't take notice and call by the end of the month the letters will be sent to the dead letter office. Anybody expecting letters they ain't got can come and see if any of these letters belong to them. All take notice.

Quite Polite.

Mrs. Gabb (hostess)—Your little son does not appear to have much appetite. Mrs. Gadd—No, he is quite delicate. Mrs. Gabb—Can't you think of anything you would like, my little man? Little man—No, 'em. You see, ma made me eat a bull foot before we started so I shouldn't make a pig of myself. —The Rival.

Mrs. Mulligan—An' what did his 'onner say to you this morning? Mrs. Mulcahy—Can't you and your husband live together without fighting? Mrs. Mulligan—An' what did yer say? Mrs. Mulcahy—No, yer 'onner, not hardly, —Boston Traveler.

AN ENGLISH BEAUTY.

Miss Clemmons, Who is Now the Rage of London.

In this country the "professional beauty" is unknown, but in London she is a big figure. She sells her photographs and derives a large income from them. She is invited to dinners, balls and parties because of the ornamental



MISS ADELE CLEMMONS.

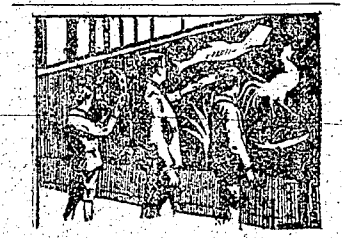
quality of her beauty. Mrs. Langtry commenced as a professional beauty, and Mrs. Cornwallis West, the mother of the Princess Henry of Pless, was a very famous professional beauty.

Just now Miss Adele Clemmons holds the post of honor. She has for several years been recognized as one of London's handsomest women and lately she took the blue ribbon for perfection at a beauty show. It is said that no photograph can do justice to the dazzling wonder of Miss Clemmons' beauty, for her coloring is exquisite.

TO USE BOTH HANDS.

Children Are So Taught by Recent Educational Methods.

No recent reform in educational methods has attracted so much attention not only in this country but also in Europe as that originating with Mr. J. Liberty Tadd, director of the Philadelphia Public School of Industrial Art. Mr. Tadd believes that at present children are educated to give the preference to the right hand over the left, and that there is no good reason why every man should not be ambidextrous. In the school of which he is the head he is educating the children to use their right and left hands with equal facility. In



DRAWING WITH THE LEFT HAND.

the same way he is seeking to develop equally both lobes of the brain and both eyes. Mr. Tadd points out that in less than 240 different trades, crafts and occupations the skill of the workman depends largely on his ability to use both hands. The illustration shows a pupil in the Philadelphia school drawing on a blackboard with the left hand.

SENSIBLE SOVEREIGNS.

They Are Investing Their Savings in Sound Securities.

The first European sovereign to place a considerable portion of his fortune in American stocks was Leopold II, the present King of Belgium. The recent disturbance in Brussels and the serious menace to his throne induced him to turn a large portion of his home securities into foreign values, a portion of which has been transferred to the London representative of a large New York banking establishment. Hitherto it was the Bank of England that almost exclusively held the fortunes of European sovereigns.

When the late Napoleon III. found that his throne was tottering in the latter part of 1870, and in the spring of 1871, he had the wit to place his savings, which were considerable, notwithstanding that he was considered lavish in his expenditures generally, in the Bank of England in the name of the Empress Eugenie, and it is due to this precaution that the ex-empress remains to-day one of the wealthiest of royal widows, says the New York Telegraph.

The present Sultan of Turkey may have wild notions on the question of humanity and his bearing on matters connected with his throne and person, and fearless though he is in many things that affect his government, he is, nevertheless, apprehensive that there is nothing sure or safe in this life, so he, too, saves cautiously, dropping his savings in all sorts of hiding places in Constantinople. He is also shrewd enough, in case the latter is discovered at any time, to send vast sums to London, but he looks askance at fluctuating stocks, and consequently protects the deposit system.

The Khedive, too, sends all his savings to London; in fact, there is hardly a ruler of any importance, who has hitherto failed to send his overplus income for investment in British securities in connection with and governed by the Bank of England. A singular and important exception is Queen Victoria herself. Strange to say, she does not place her money with the great national bank, but deposits it all with Coutts.

Formation of Habits.

As the snow gathers together, so our habits are formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue. —Bentham.

Couldn't Afford It.

"Did you ask the doctor if you had malaria?" "Not on your life; he's treating me for five other expensive maladies now." —Chicago Record.

Nearly all old women want to wear white.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Teacher—Bobby, name the largest known diamond. Bobby—The ace—Judge.

Bobby Bingo—How long did it take you to learn how to swim? Willy—I learned in fourteen liftings.—Puck.

He—I was cured by the faith cure. She—What was your ailment. He—Faith in the faith cure.—Brooklyn Life.

Jaggles—I see there's a new keeper in the menagerie. Didn't the animals like the old one? Waggles—I guess so. They ate him up.—Judge.

Judge—"Was the stolen article gold or only gilt?" Prisoner—"It was silver, sor. The guilt was all me own, yer anner!"—Jewellers' Weekly.

Where she "lands" them: Fisher—I'll bet you don't know what a landing net is. Miss Anglin (corily)—It's a slang term for hammock, isn't it?—Puck.

A sea-side riddle: Cholly—That girl in the surf reminds me of one of those puzzle-pictures. Algy—How is that? Cholly—Find the bathing-suit.—Puck.

Stubbs—What does it say on that sign Wilkins is nailing over his store door? Penn—It says "Honest Dealings Here." Stubbs—Hm! Another lie nailed.—Chicago News.

"When you returned my book you said you enjoyed it immensely." "Well, I did, for a fact." "I'm glad to hear it. But why didn't you cut the leaves?" —Chicago Record.

"My husband has all the virtues but one," remarked the wife of a struggling young doctor. "What is that?" asked her sympathetic friend. "Patients," replied the young wife.

Lulu—The wretch! He said if I refused him he would take a dose of poison then and there. I refused him. Maebel—Ahl! And what did he do? Lulu—Lit a cigarette.—Judge.

"Do you never worry?" said Mrs. Subbubs to a tramp who asked for a handout. "Never, mum," was the proud reply; "I am an immaune!"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Mrs. Chat (nudging Mr. Chat, who snored with his mouth open)—William, you'd make less noise if you'd keep your mouth shut! Mr. Chat (only half awake)—So'd you.—Tid-Bits.

Literally true: The Cat—You have heard, I suppose, that we cats have nine lives? The Cow—That's nothing; I have a record of kicking the bucket ten times in one week.—Judge.

Customer—See here! This suit of clothes you sold me began to fade as soon as I got into the sunlight. Clothier—Well, didn't I tell you that you couldn't wear it out?—Exchange.

Miss de Puyser—"I can trace my ancestors back to the Reformation." De Smith—"That's nothing; I can trace mine back years and years before they attempted to reform.—Chicago News.

Bridge—I can't stand the missus, sur. Von Blumer (sarcastically)—It's a pity, Bridge, that I couldn't have selected a wife to suit you. Bridge—Sure, sur, we all make mistakes.—Brooklyn Life.

Briggs—There is one thing about Dr. Candor that I like. He tells the truth. Griggs—What has he been telling you? Briggs—He told me if I had only come to him before my money gave out he might have cured me.—Crierion.

Walton (to fishmonger)—Just throw me half a dozen of those trout. Fishmonger—Throw them? Walton—Yes; then I can go home and tell my wife I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar.—Household Words.

Housekeeper—What's the reason that all the men who come around begging now are such big, strong-looking fellows? Polite-Pilgrim—De reason, lady, is dat it's only strong-looking fellows w'at kin beg nowadays widout gettin' hurt.—Philadelphia Record.

Little Sniffkins (who has been nearly drowned)—"It was simply marvelous. As I sank for the third time all the incidents of my past life came vividly before me." Robertson (brutally)—"I say, old chap, did you remember that fiver I lent you last year?"—Tit-Bits.

Rate Boarder—"Just look at that thermometer—one hundred and six in the shade—and your advertisement called this the coolest spot in the mountains." Landlord—"Waal, it was when the advertisement was written." Rate Boarder—"When was that?" Landlord—"Last January."—Bazaar.

"Do you make much out of your apples?" asked the visitor. "Oh, pretty considerable," answered the farmer, "but I've got a son up in the town who makes more out of the apples in a month than I make the whole season." "A farmer, is he?" "No, he's a doctor. I'm talking about green apples now."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Dix—"When my husband and I quarrel we never allow the children to witness it." Mrs. Hix—"Why, how in the world do you manage it?" Mrs. Dix—"We always send them out-of-doors, so they can hear nothing." Mrs. Hix—"Oh, now I understand. I've often wondered why your children were on the street all the time."—Chicago News.

Boys haven't always a great imagination, but most of them have a good deal of tenacity. A man wishing to make himself pleasant to the little brother of his betrothed, told him to wish for something, and he would give it to him. "A box of chocolates," said the boy. "What else?" asked the generous lover. "Another box of chocolates." "Oh, but wish for something else; you'll little stomach couldn't hold all those chocolates." "Well, then," answered the boy, "another stomach." —Household Words.

Mailing of Letters in China.

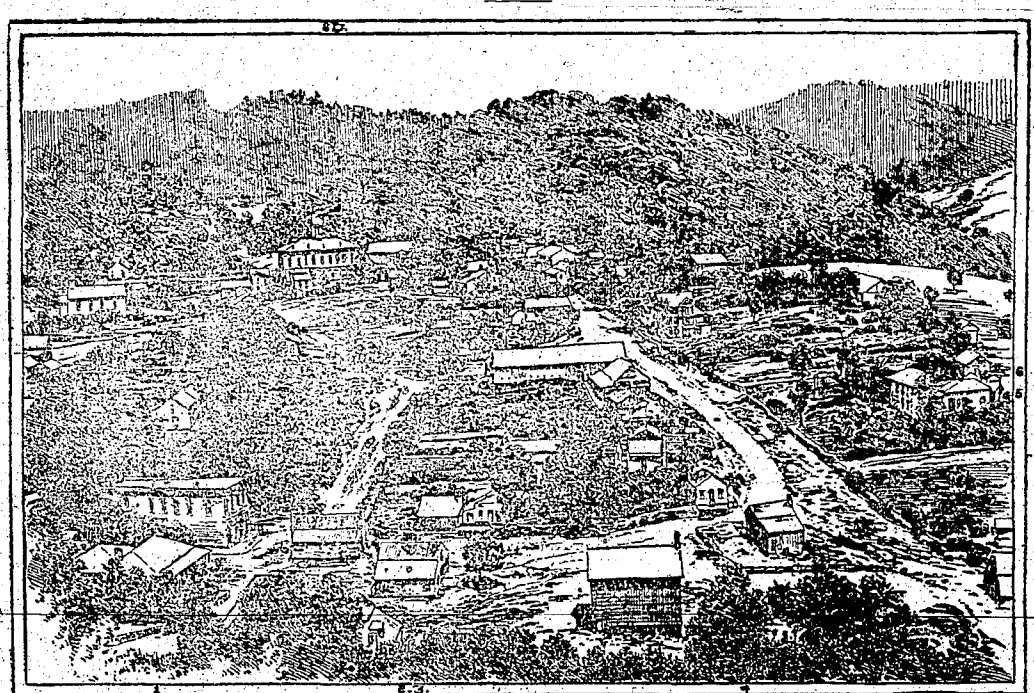
In China when a man writes a letter he does not drop it in a mail box, as we do here, but takes it to a letter shop, where he makes a bargain with the keeper of the shop to have it carried for him. It costs a great deal to have a letter carried, and not many people can afford to write them.

Ho Got Revenge.

Travers—But he got square with the other fellow in the end. Sellers—How?

Travers—He sent her a chaffing dish for a wedding present.—What-to-Eat.

FEUD REGION IN CLAY COUNTY, KENTUCKY.



1—Webb's Hotel, 2 and 3—Blind tigers, 4—Little white building is postoffice, 5—Daugh White's house; Daugh is said to have killed John Blake and Frank Clark. 6—Spot in road where Sheriff White threatened to kill the Inter Ocean correspondent. 7—Courthouse. Whites' arsenal, where they store Colts revolvers, Winchesters, and ammunition. 9—The jail.

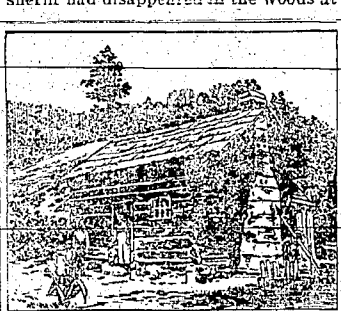
of life in the Clay County vendettas has been slight.

Philpot-Griffin Feud. In importance the Philpot-Griffin feud runs first. Years ago one of the Philpot allies called one of the Griffin mountaineers "a liar." The insult drew from him to the Clay County took up arms—the one party to avenge, the other to repeat the injury. Fighting rages still, and not many of the bitterest foemen now know the original starting point of their enmity. They are lined up for the Philpots and the Griffins, their kinsfolk and retainers, and will fight till the last drop of bad blood has been spilled. The Philpot-Griffin feud is well organized. Each faction has its recognized leaders. When a great battle is anticipated they have appointed gathering places; each day every member of the faction is visited and given the latest news. Every few days all gather and formulate plans, each faction meeting at night at the homes of their leaders. Guards keep vigil; the pistols are laid in the bolsters under the edge of the bed; and the Winchesters stand on the stock at the head. Each has his arsenal, in which are stored extra weapons, ammunition, etc. Both clans have a countersign for night work. If a Philpot meets a rider in the lonely hills at night he hails him with the greeting of the Philpot band. If an answer does not come promptly and accurately there is a blaze of powder and a midnight duel. The Griffins are equally alert, and all their followers are drilled in the proper Griffin countersign. On each side the clansmen are all magnificent shots, and carry the very best of weapons.

The leaders of the Philpots are George, Pleasant, Timothy, and the Hon. Granville Philpot, an ex-State Senator. They are prosperous farmers and timbermen. This faction numbers about two hundred, and nearly all live in the "Pigeon Roost district," seven miles from Manchester. The leaders of the Griffins are Ed Griffin and Dave Chadwell, and their faction is composed of a little less than two hundred of the Griffins, Chadwells, Barnetts and Haintons. Excepting the Chadwells, all are poor farmers, but are game fighters. They also live in "Pigeon Roost," two miles from the Philpots' headquarters.

In the fall, two years ago, John Philpot and his father, Granville Philpot, met Aaron Morris and William Bundy, his father-in-law, who accused John Philpot of having named some of them as "liars." Words grew warmer until the fighting commenced, and John Philpot was shot by Morris in a hand to hand battle with revolvers. Hostilities went no further until Christmas Day, 1898. Smith Cheek, a "bad" man and noisy shot, kept a little store on House Creek, two miles from "Pigeon Roost." Green and Hugh Griffin, Aaron Morris and William Bundy were assembled at the store celebrating the

of the little party grouped about him. Suddenly Hugh, Harve, and Greene Griffin dashed into sight on horseback. Led by Aaron Morris, as they galloped up Morris fired, striking Philpot in the back. "Pete" Philpot grabbed a rifle from the wagon and put a bullet into Morris' head, and the leader of the Griffin boys rolled under his horse, dead. While this was going on the three Griffin boys confronted Ed Fisher, getting between him and the wagon. Fisher had a stock of weapons beside him and pluckily faced the three single-handed, throwing away weapons as he emptied them and grabbing loaded ones. At last he fell back, dying, and in falling his revolver was discharged, killing Hugh Griffin. Only four men were left now, Harve and Green Griffin on one side, and George and Pete Philpot on the other. The deputy sheriff had disappeared in the woods at



TYPICAL MOUNTAIN HOME.

the first fire. The Griffin boys fought desperately, even after they were wounded and unable to aim their weapons. Both were killed finally, and of the seven who began the battle only two, George Philpot and his son, "Pete," were left. They were untouched.

Since the battle of Hooker's branch the vendetta has been waged unrelentingly. A few nights afterward Sol Griffin's house was surrounded by a posse of armed men, who riddled the cabin with bullets. The family lay down flat on the floor and escaped almost miraculously. Dave Chadwell, a deputy sheriff and member of the Griffin clan, was next ambushed and shot to death. Bob Gregory, another Griffin sympathizer, was shot and killed as he rode along the highway near Manchester. At the trial, a farcical proceeding, after the battle of Hooker's branch, Deputy Sheriff Thacker testified that Morris had fired the first shot in the fight. This threw Thacker in line with the Philpots, according to Clay County ethics. Accordingly, as he and his half-brother, Jim Smith, rode home, they were murdered on the very spot where the Hooker's branch battle had taken place. Finally Governor Bradley called out troops, and two of the Griffins and two Chadwells were arrested. They will be tried for participation in

Bakers, performed the same service for Dr. Baker fifty years ago. He tried to get the Governor to pardon Dr. Baker on the ground that his killings were the result of homicidal mania, and in recent years he has been giving ball for others of the Bakers when they got into the clutches of the law. The old General declares that he cannot be driven out of Clay County, where he proposes to remain the rest of his natural life with his pet cat, but his son, Gilbert Garrard, has had to move away to escape assassination.

Efforts were made to have Judge Eversole, who is related to the Whites, vacate the bench and call a special term of court, to be presided over by a special judge, to try the murder cases, but the plan fell through.

The first killing in late years was on June 6, 1898, when Wilson Howard and Burch Stores was killed, and A. B. Howard, father of Wilson, was wounded. This, it is thought, was done by Tom Baker, as there had been a dispute between them regarding a \$40 note. The next day James Howard met George Baker, father of Tom, and shot him. Shortly after this Charles Wooten, son-in-law of A. B. Howard, was shot by Sid Baker. In August Tom Baker met and killed Will White, and Sheriff Beverly White, Jr. Later, in the same month, John Baker was shot by two men from behind two trees on Goose creek. His negro, who was with him, was likewise killed. July 10 of this year Tom Baker, who was to be tried in Manchester for the murder of Will White, was taken to the courthouse under the protection of a hundred State troops and a Gatling gun, but while standing in a guard tent on the courthouse yard a shot rang out from Sheriff White's house, directly opposite, and the noted Tom Baker, cousin of Captain William Strong, of Breathitt, fell dead. Court was adjourned, and every one who could left Clay County. The troops then took Wiley and James Baker to the jail in Barbourville. To show what intense hatred exists, John D. White a few days ago cheered, as Edward Garrard passed, for Carlo Brittan, who killed Edward's brother Daniel ten years ago.

Another Tragic Episode.

"Miss Giggins," said the young man with the obtusive bandana, "were you ever engaged?"

"Mr. Seadson," she exclaimed, as she blushed a rosy red and sighed. "You have no right to ask such a question unless—unless—"

"I merely desired to know," he went on in a cruel monotonous tone, "if you were ever engaged in conversation with Prof. Fossil. He's a wonderfully brainy man—you ought to talk to him." —Washington Star.

When a miner gets down to business he lowers himself in the world.

THE DREAM SHIP.

When the world is fast asleep,
Along the midnight skies—
As though it were a wandering cloud—
The dream-ship flies.

An angel stands at the dream-ship's helm,
An angel stands at the prow,
And an angel stands at the dream-ship's side
With a rue-wreath on her brow.

The other angels, silver-crowned,
Pilot and helmsman are,
And the angel with the wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams they fall on rich and poor;
They fall on young and old;
And some are dreams of poverty
And some are dreams of gold.

And some are dreams that thrill with joy,
And some that melt to tears;
Some are dreams of the dawn of love,
And some of the old dead years.

On rich and poor alike they fall,
Alike on young and old,
Bringing to slumbering earth their joys
And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do
The deeds of mighty men,
And drooping age shall feel the grace
Of buoyant youth again.

The king shall be a beggarman—
The pauper be a king—
In that revenge or recompense
The dream-ship dreams do bring.

So ever downward float the dreams
That are for all and me,
And there is never mortal man
Can solve that mystery.

But ever onward in its course
Along the haunted skies—
As though it were a cloud astray—
The dream-ship flies.

Two angels with their silver crowns
Pilot and helmsman are,
And an angel with a wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.

MIRIAM'S DREAM.

"You won't really go at this time of the year?" "Rather! I'd go in December if Dick were at the end of the journey."

"Well, I would not cross the Atlantic in the middle of November for a dozen sweethearts."

Miriam laughed gleefully. She and Dick had been separated for three years, and now he had fallen into a good berth in Toronto, and had written to her to decide whether they should both spend their winter in loneliness or whether they would go to him and settle down as once as his wife.

Miriam did not hesitate a moment, she set aside the shortest time possible for winding up her affairs in England and arranged to sail in the "Sovorian" from Liverpool to Halifax.

"But you'll have a dreadful overland journey after that; it must be a long way to Toronto," said her friend Nora. "I don't know how you'll get through, all by yourself."

"Ah! but I'm not going to. Dick has been sent by his firm to New York on some business, and he intends to take a berth in the 'Meldrum,' a coasting steamer which will bring him to Halifax about the same time that I get there."

Miriam was in a fever of joy, and was altogether oblivious of such small matters as intense cold, a pitching, rolling ship, and lashed down hatches. The good ship fought gallantly through a stormy ice-weathered sea, and at last a morning broke, when the sun shone fair, and the waves sank into a comparative calm. Passengers swarmed on deck, congratulating each other on their escape from prison, and the anxious captain sighed with relief to think that the worst was over. He was upon his bridge, stamping up and down to keep the blood circulating in his feet, when ahead of them he saw a strange speck dancing on the waves.

As it drew nearer he found it to be an apparently empty boat, and he sent off one of his boats to tow the stray to the steamer. When it reached the side, however, the limp form of a sailor was lifted from it. Under care and good treatment the blood began to run again through his stiff veins, and he was able to tell what had befallen him. But before that happened his boat had been hauled on deck, and the name upon it, "Meldrum," made known.

"How funny!" cried Miriam, "a steamer sailing from New York to Halifax is named 'Meldrum.'"

"Ay! Missie," said a sailor, ominous-ly, "and this is one of her boats."

"But how can it be? How could it have got loose out here?"

"If that poor chap lives he can tell us that, and no one else perhaps."

After some time the sailor's words began to be told to Miriam's stupefied brain; she tried to speak to some one standing near, but her tongue would not move, only her knees shook so much that she nearly fell. Her neighbor drew her to a seat.

"Is the 'Meldrum' wrecked?" Miriam asked with tragic eyes.

"I do not know; but I hope not; that poor fellow will tell us if he lives."

That evening it was known that the "Meldrum" had collided with another vessel in the storm, and that though all boats had been lowered they had, one after another, been swamped. The rescued sailor had just jumped into one when its ropes snapped and he was therefore, the only person saved.

The stewardess took the tidings, with a cup of tea, to Miriam, as she lay inert and despairing on her sofa, and she let the woman gossip out her news without uttering a sound. At last, the stewardess went away, and Miriam lay still, not thinking, only suffering.

Later she crawled into her bed, where, through the night, visions of Dick, as a boy, as a youth, as a man, rushed through her mind. Sometimes she saw him struggling through the darkness, but when she clasped him round the neck he was cold as ice and wet with salt water.

When she woke she was out on the upper deck and not alone. By her side stood some one, a huge man, a giant, who seemed to reach to the sky. His clothes changed their color from light to dark, from black to brown. His great body undulated all the time, and when he put his arm round her he seemed to be surrounded with dry, suffocating warmth. Then he pointed a long arm to the northeast, and seemed to slip farther away, though he still stood by her side; the monster lengthened into miles. Miriam followed him with straining eyes, when a flash of lightning lit up the sky and sea. It played for a moment round a distant spot which the giant was touching, and in that moment she saw a picture which she never forgot.

In the little circle of light a boat rocked helplessly upon the waters; under a sail were crouched some dozen people, trying by huddling together, to keep warmth in their bodies. She knew that Dick was there, and called his name shrilly; there was a sudden movement in the human heap, a white face peeped out, and then the vision passed.

Miriam lay in her berth, the new dawn already lightening the sky. Then feverishly she got up and went on deck, to see nothing but the gray sky and grayer sea, to hear nothing but the throbbing of the engines and the sough of wind and waves. Breakfast time came, but she heeded it not; for hours she stood immovable, gazing to the northeast over the bulwarks. What did that dream of hers mean? Was Dick floating somewhere helplessly, with other passengers?

It was noon when the wind, veering, sent a cloud of smoke over her head and a shower of black smudges upon her hands; with them came a passing sensation of warmth. This slight incident awoke some vague memory connected with her dream.

The black column of smoke changing at its edges to brown, thinning out until she could see the gray sky through it, starting ever from her side, and yet reaching far into the distance, caught her eye.

Inspiration followed quickly. The smoke was the giant of the night before, and where it pointed lay Dick and his companions! Sight danced into her eyes; hope beat strongly in her heart. She turned a glorified face to the ship. What could she do? How save them?

She saw a foot surmounted by blue cloth moving methodically on the deck above, and in a moment flew up the stairs leading to the captain's bridge. The captain turned round sharply at the sound of strange footsteps and peremptorily ordered her down. Clutching his arm she cried:

"Captain! They are out there under the line of smoke! A dozen survivors of the dead!"

The captain glanced in the direction indicated. How should this frantic young woman have seen what his practiced eye could not discern? Then he guessed that she was the person who, they said, had lost her lover in the wreck.

"My dear," he cried, patting her hand, "go to your berth and lie down. You are in great trouble."

But the lagging hopeful eyes stared brightly at him.

"For the love of humanity, captain, use your glass. You will see them. I know you will."

To humor her he took a careful survey of the horizon, upon which the sun was shining. At first he shook his head, then he stood for a long time examining the spot under the thin edge of the line of smoke. He rubbed his glasses well and looked again, then said quietly:

"Something is there! Sit down in that corner and wait!"

The course of the steamer was altered slightly, a boat lowered once more to graze the ocean's drift. To his intense surprise the captain saw that the distant object was really a boat without sail or oar. How could this girl have known it? Then the group of people became visible, all evidently in the last stage of exhaustion, and he went over to Miriam and told her that look through his glass, and see if her friend were there.

She took it from his hand with a wild sob, and gazed long and steadily at the coming boat, then gave the glass back, in the midst of a passion of weeping, nodding her head to signify that she had seen Dick. Then she set herself to regain self-control by the time the boat came in. When it did she was waiting in the hospital for her beloved.

For the next twenty-four hours she shared the duties of nurse with one of the stewardesses, and saw Dick's eyes open with the first gleam of consciousness in her life. With a contented look at her he fell asleep and on the ship's arrival at Halifax he, with all those who had been saved were well enough to be moved to more comfortable quarters on shore.

The captain made friends with Miriam during those few hours, and learned how it was that she knew the boat was afloat. He could hardly believe it, and he could not explain it, but was contented to accept the fact as it stood, and to be present at the simple ceremony which made Dick and Miriam man and wife.

A Buddhist's Expectations.

An old man, a Buddhist, went to visit a Wesleyan missionary in Ceylon. He was bent with age, nearly blind, scarcely able to walk. After a little talk, he told the missionary his expectation after death, which he knew must come to him soon. "I am ninety-six," he said. "I have climbed Adam's Peak (where Buddha is said to have left his footprints) twenty-six times; I have had a number of Buddhist books collected and given to Buddhist priests; I have never killed an animal, only on a few occasions have I caught some fish. So you see I have plenty of merit, and I shall be born well in my next life."—Christian Commonwealth.

Her Valuation.

Tax-assessor—Can you give me some idea of what your husband is worth?—Lady—Oh, I don't know; but I wouldn't take a million for him.—Chicago News.

Within the past eight years there has been a 25 per cent. increase in the number of secondary schools of the United States, a rate of increase said to be the highest of any of the increase in population.

GOLD HOARD FOUND.

A TALE OF BURIED TREASURE THAT IS EXCITING OHIO.

Law Suit Reveals a Romance—A Sea Captain Secures Wealth Buried on an Island Many Years Ago, and a Son of His Former Shipmate Claims Heir.

A tale of buried treasure that would cause Captain Mayne Reid or Robert Louis Stevenson to blush was made public when a young man named Howard F. Summers filed a petition in the County Court at Jackson, Ohio, in which he seeks to recover from Captain Charles A. Henderson the sum of \$86,000, which, he alleges, is half of a buried treasure which Henderson secured on an island in the South Atlantic. The story unfolded in the petition reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights. Henderson admits that the story is true, but requires that Summers prove his claim upon the treasure.

In 1860 William H. Summers was captain of a clipper-bulk brig called the Lark, and for some years he had been following the profession of a smuggler with uniform success. At that time he met Henderson, then a young man, at Baltimore, and offered him the position of first mate on the Lark. Henderson, who was born at Jackson, Ohio, and who had run away to sea while a boy, accepted the offer, although he did not know at the time that the Lark was a smuggler. He soon found this out, however, but continued in the position of first mate.

When the war broke out Summers turned his brig into a privateersman, and it is said, was not as careful as he might have been to observe the laws of the high seas. He met with great success, at any rate, and at the end of three years was ready to retire. By that time he had amassed nearly \$175,000 in gold and notes, which he kept in a strong chest in his cabin. No one knew of the existence of this chest except himself.

In 1864 the Lark left Rio Janeiro homeward bound, and her captain had determined as soon as he reached home to sell the brig and lead a less perilous life. But off the coast of South America the ship ran into a terrible hurricane and for over a week was driven rapidly to the south and west. During all that time it was impossible to take an observation to determine the ship's position, but on the tenth day the sky cleared and it was found that she was near the Tristan d'Acanha group of islands in the South Atlantic. Land was in sight to the northward and toward this the Lark was turned, for the ship's supply of water was almost exhausted.

Half an hour later the lookout reported a man-of-war headed straight for the Lark. Now the captain of the Lark had many reasons for not desiring to meet a man-of-war of any nation, and all sail was crowded on. But it was soon evident that the Lark was no match for her pursuer, and Captain Summers decided to run her in toward the island, as the only chance of escaping. This was done, and as she rounded the island they ran into a land-locked cove. Before anything further could be done the man-of-war hove to outside and dropped her boats into the water for the purpose of continuing the pursuit. The crew of the Lark did not wait for them, however, but tumbled into the long boat and rowed madly for the shore. The boats of the man-of-war at once gave chase.

Captain Summers and his first mate were left alone on the brig and the former determined to make an effort to save the money which was in the chest below. So he told Henderson briefly of the existence of the treasure and offered him half of it if he would help him convey it to a place of safety. Henderson jumped at the offer. They quickly lowered a small boat over the side of the brig away from the man-of-war. In this they placed the chest, and then rowed quietly ashore, without being discovered by the man-of-war's crew, who were intent on the pursuit of the long boat. As soon as they reached the shore they pulled their boat up into the underbrush, seized the chest between them and made off into the woods; nor did they stop until they had placed several miles between themselves and the cove. They concealed the chest, and themselves remained in hiding until the next day, when they ventured to creep down to the cove.

There was no sign of the man-of-war, but the Lark had been scuttled and sunk in the cove and the long boat in which the crew had landed was smashed to pieces. Their own small boat had not been discovered and was intact. An exploration of the island showed them that none of the crew of the Lark had been left upon it and hence they concluded that they had all been taken prisoners. The island was a small one and was uninhabited. Summers and Henderson concluded that the best thing for them to do was to try to reach one of the larger islands of the group in their boat. They were unwilling, however, to risk the chest in the small boat, for fear some accident might happen to it, and so determined to leave it behind. They had found a natural cave in the course of their wanderings about the island and in this they buried the chest, marking the place with a pile of stones. Then they rigged a small sail on their boat and soon reached one of the larger islands, which was inhabited. Here Captain Summers was stricken with smallpox and died, leaving Henderson the sole possessor of the secret.

Henderson knew no one on the islands whom he could trust, and at last determined to return home and fit up an expedition to go after the treasure. After a weary period of waiting, he finally secured passage on a ship bound for the Cape Colony, and it was not until three years later that he reached his old home at Jackson. Here he endeavored to secure the money necessary to fit out an expedition to go after the treasure, but his friends laughed at the story and thought Henderson was a madman. He could find no one who was willing to advance the money needed, and so at last in despair Henderson determined to return to his old trade as a sailor and earn enough money to fit out a vessel. How he hated his former life, and how he longed for the excitement of the sea, and how he longed for the treasure which he had buried on the island, he could not tell.

He bought the Lark K. Fine, a schooner, in 1885 and started for the

South Atlantic. But off Cape Hatteras the vessel ran into a terrible gale and was foundered, the crew being saved with the utmost difficulty. With the Laura K. Fine, every cent Henderson had in the world went to the bottom of the ocean, and he was compelled to start in again at the bottom of the ladder.

It was not until last year that Henderson found himself again in position to start for the treasure. He went to New Orleans and bought the stanch little vessel Frolic, belonging to the Southern Yacht Club. He had her thoroughly overhauled and renamed her the Rover. Then he returned to Jackson and persuaded an old friend, Claude Thompson, upon whom he could rely, to go with him.

On the 22d of February, the 50th anniversary of Captain Henderson's birth, the Rover left New Orleans, and dropping down the river, turned her head across the Gulf on her long voyage. The voyage was a rapid one and without accident, and on the 12th of April the Tristan d'Acanha group was sighted. On the morning of the 14th the Rover entered the cove, where a portion of the wreck of the Lark could still be seen.

Henderson and Thompson rowed ashore alone and notwithstanding the thirty-five years which had intervened since he last visited the spot, Henderson led the way without hesitation to the cave where the treasure lay buried. Half an hour later the chest was unearthed. It was not until they were back in the calm of the river that they broke open the chest. The contents were found to be intact and unharmed. Notes and gold together amounted to \$175,320.

The Rover's prow was turned homeward without delay and two months later the adventurers landed at Philadelphia and \$20,000 in cash was brought home by Henderson, who proposed to spend the remainder of his days in peace, enjoying his wealth, which he had waited so long to get.

It was not until the appearance of Howard Summers a few days ago that any one questioned Captain Henderson's right to the entire fortune. Young Summers, however, claims that he is the son of Captain William H. Summers. He alleges that when Captain Summers sailed away on his last voyage he left a wife and boy baby at Baltimore. The wife has since died. They heard of the bark being caught in the hurricane off the South American coast and as nothing further was ever heard of Summers they believed that the brig had foundered with all on board. Mrs. Summers knew that her husband had a large sum of money with him, but she supposed that, as he was at the bottom of the ocean, it was all recently that Summers, Jr., learned of Henderson's return and he has at once taken steps to establish his title to one-half of the money.

CURIOUS INSTITUTION IN LIMA.

It Is Known as the Refugio San Jose—Its Purposes.

There is a curious institution in Lima which you can see from the street cars on the way to the American Legation. It is a gloomy-looking old building, with high walls that are painted a bright blue, and is known as the Refugio de San Jose. Here a married woman may find refuge from a cruel and wicked husband, and here a husband may place a wayward or an incompatible wife, with the approval of the priest, for discipline and religious training to improve her temper and her morals. Divorce is unknown except on the rarest occasions, when a dispensation must be obtained from the Vatican at Rome, but an unforgiving wife can be sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in the Refugio de San Jose by the archbishop, when the evidence of her intractability is made clear to him. The husband, however, is required to pay a certain sum monthly, or quarterly, to the sisters in charge of the convent for her support.

During her imprisonment a woman is not allowed to communicate with people outside or leave her cell without permission from the mother superior, and is required to perform religious duties several hours a day. If she shows signs of repentance and the husband is willing to take her back, or her parents agree to take charge of her, she may be released and return to her home, with the approval of the archbishop. There are a good many stories about women who have been improperly imprisoned in this institution by jealous husbands.

There is no such institution for the discipline of husbands who are unfaithful to their wives. That goes without saying. The woman has always been wrong, ever since that affair of the apple.—William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record.

How Willie Was Fooled.

A woman in Harlem has a daughter 17 years old who is a natural flirt and sometimes shocks her parent's sense of propriety, says a writer in the New York Tribune. A mischievous young man who has a propensity for kissing calls on her, and the mother thinks it not wise to leave them alone together. On a recent evening when the two were in the parlor it became necessary for the mother to leave the house for an hour, so she told her son, 8 years old, that she would give him a nickel if he would go into the parlor and see Mr. Brown and stay there till she returned. When she got back the three were merrily playing the game of blindman's buff. When Mr. Brown had gone Willie was rewarded with the nickel. "Did you have a good time?" asked his mother. "Yes," said Willie, who did not suspect that he was being employed as a watchdog, "but they are pretty hard for a little fellow like me to catch. They kept me blindfolded most of the time."

Who Paid the Bills?

A reflection not altogether without value to such feminine scribbles as have not yet found their public in contained in a remark made at a recent dinner in London, where two hundred literary women met one another.

As the extremely well-dressed crowd surged and swayed round the platform after the reception which followed the dinner, a young woman ventured to remark to one of the old ladies, "You are the exception to the rule, you are not a married woman."

Who paid the bills?—The quick response, "That is not literature—it is husbands."

COOKING IN A CARMELITE HOSPITAL.

Done by an Electrical Plant Which is the World's Finest.

The development of electrical power at Niagara Falls in vast quantities has resulted in the installation in the new Carmelite Hospital of an electrical plant for cooking and heating which has not its equal in the world. This hospital is located on the Canadian side of the river some distance back from the falls.

From the power station to the transformer house of the hospital, two miles, the current is conducted on bare copper wires. About 100 horse power is used in the hospital, 25 horse power for lighting, cooking and heating the water, and 75 horse power for heating the lower floor of the building.

In the butler's pantry there are three 6-gallon urns and a chafing dish electrically operated. One of the urns is used for tea, one for coffee, and one for boiling water to supply the coffee and tea urns.

In the kitchen are to be found features that are most interesting. The range has a heating surface of six square feet, and each square foot of surface has a switch and can be controlled to full or half heat at the will of the operator or cook. The baking and roasting facilities are included in two small ovens and one large oven. The large oven is so arranged that it will roast four 25-pound roasts of meat at one time. Some idea of the work this equipment in this electrical kitchen will do may be gained from what was accomplished in it on June 15, the occasion of the blessing of the building and its formal opening for sacred purposes. At that time all the meats for 250 people were cooked in two and a half hours, while all the other cooking for the same number of people was done at the same time. This is with the exception of the soup, which was made the day before, as it requires many hours of attention to be good. As the heat of all the apparatus is uniform, the liability to burn is less than with other fuels. As the point of baking or roasting is plainly indicated the cook can make no mistake. In 15 minutes the small ovens bread can be baked in 15 minutes.

On the Subject of Eggs.

Two men were discussing eggs as food in a restaurant this morning, and parts of the conversation was not only rich, but instructive.

"I always eat eggs," said one who looked rather hen-pecked, "when I want to conjure my appetite, and let me tell you right now, soft-boiled eggs—three minutes—will work up a man's appetite when nothing else on earth will fill the bill, and they're so digestible you know."

"There's where you're wrong," put in the other old rooster. "People used to think that soft-boiled eggs were digestible, but that idea's been exploded. Hard-boiled eggs, they are digestible, no mistake, but they're used to be considered the toughest things imaginable for the digestive organs to handle. You take a hard-boiled egg and pulverize the yolk of it and salt it down, and it's the easiest food digested in the bunch. It wouldn't hurt a six-month-old baby. Try it some time."

"I'll do it, but I have my doubts," replied the other. "By the way," he continued, "did you know that a man cannot eat eggs every day for a month without getting awfully sick?"

"That's so," said the other, "it's just like a fellow trying to eat a quail a day for thirty days. It will knock any man out."

Now the simple truth is that the writer of this column has eaten eggs daily for over a year, and very often eats nothing but eggs at a meal. So far from having an injurious effect, it is found that no other form of food is so palatable, nutritious, beneficial.

Eggs, it is firmly believed, stimulate the emotions, make buoyant the spirits, and certainly quicken the fancy.—Atlantic Journal.

An Incident in the Spanish War.

Dickson had been on an English ship that was used as a transport all through the Russo-Turkish war. This made him a man of some importance with us, as he was the only one who had seen fighting, and we would listen with respect to the endless stories he had to tell of the Turks who were transported, who lived on grapes, and who killed some of the crew caught helping themselves. I saw him again on the street, not long ago, and he had more tales to tell, of a later war—how the little craft he was on was sent inshore one night to investigate an unmarked obstruction in the harbor of Havana, depending on the darkness, the war color, and her small size to keep them safe; how they were nearly through when they found themselves in the inviting dazzle of a search-light, and the next minute the shells were all about them. They were so close in and so slow that they could not hope to get out of range for some minutes, and he saw the blade of the propeller had been shot away; but long before that, at the very first shot, with the fine instinct that sends a hen after her chickens, the flagship had swung around in a circle, and, regardless of reefs, lier poverty of armor, or her empty bunkers, had run in between the little boat and the forts, and convoyed her out of harm's way as safely as if she had been in dry dock. Her own superstructure was hit repeatedly, and a shell smashed through the Captain's cabin; but it was the noblesse oblige to be expected of the San Francisco, the next best fitted ship in the navy.—Diary of a Naval Reserve.

Nicaragua Laborers.

"The system of labor contracts in the department of Zelaya, on the east coast of Nicaragua, is exactly like Mexican peonage," said a resident of Central America at one of the hotels. "It seems strange up here, but it is exactly adapted to the conditions of the country, and, really, I don't see how we planters could possibly get along without it. When I engage a native laborer at the beginning of the season I take him before the Governor of the department and he signs a paper in which he affirms that he owes nothing and agrees to work for me for three months at a given figure—say \$10. Then I advance him \$25, for which he gives a receipt. After that he is free for a quarter of a year. If he runs away or

engages to any one else I simply send in the papers to the Governor and he does the rest. He sends some soldiers after the fellow and they rarely fail to effect his capture. All the charges of the arrest I pay and charge up to the laborer, who must work until the total debt is wiped out. The officials always act promptly, because they are sure of their fees from the planter, and they take care not to make them too small. A few runaways pile up an enormous load of debt on a native, and sometimes it takes them years to work it out. I know one man who signed a three months' contract in 1880, ran away four times and is still working for the same planter, with several hundred dollars yet to pay. It is practically equivalent to slavery, but it is the only way in the world to get anything out of the native class. They like it well enough, too.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A REMARKABLE SHIP.

The Ice-Breaker Yermak May Crush Its Way to the Pole.

The Russian ice breaker Yermak, the largest vessel of its kind in the world, has just returned to the Tyne, where she was built, after a very successful voyage to the Polar Sea. She was built to break the ice of the Baltic and the Kara sea, so as to give ships access to the Russian ports and rivers at times when they have hitherto been closed by winter. Last March the Yermak entered the frozen port of Cronstadt with comparative ease, and then going to Revel, liberated thirty-three vessels of the value \$27,500,000, and some of which were in great danger. Then returning to Cronstadt and St. Petersburg she opened out the way for the entry of forty steamers several weeks before the ordinary time. This work proved the commercial value of the Yermak, but all the same it was deemed wise to subject her to more severe tests. Accordingly her commander, Vice Admiral Makaroff, of the Imperial Russian navy, took her to the Polar sea some six weeks ago, calling at Advent Bay, Spitzbergen, en route. Polar ice was encountered in latitude 80 degrees, 15 minutes, and for a month the Yermak was put to very stiff trial among this. Some of the plain ice was fourteen feet thick, and the pack or ridge ice rose to a height of eighteen feet on the surface, and was ascertained by careful measurement to be as deep as seven fathoms in places. The Yermak behaved splendidly, and traveled through some 230 miles of such obstacles at an average speed of three to four knots per hour. Her commander expresses himself as highly satisfied with the performance, though he has discovered that the vessel may be strengthened with advantage in certain parts. The work she will have to do on the Russian coast will not be nearly so severe. Admiral Makaroff says, for in the Baltic the ice seldom becomes more than three feet thick, and toward the mouths of the Siberian rivers it is not likely to exceed five feet six inches. The result of the Polar trip strengthens Admiral Makaroff in his conviction that future Arctic exploration, if it is to be thoroughly successful, must be conducted, or, at any rate, initiated by ice breakers.

The Cost of a Loaf of Bread.

An interesting contribution to a series of publications being issued by the Department of Agriculture embracing investigations into the food and nutrition of man, has been made by Professor Harry Snyder, of the Minnesota Agricultural College. The paper contributed by Professor Snyder relates to experiments made at the Minnesota University in bread-making. The average "pound loaf" of fresh bread as sold by bakers, says the Professor, weighed on an average about one pound one ounce. A pound loaf of bread can be made from about three-quarters of a pound of flour about 25 per cent. of water being added to the flour during the process of bread-making. With some flours 5 to 10 per cent. more water can be absorbed, making a greater weight of bread from a given weight of flour. This additional weight is water and not nutrients.

At two cents a pound for flour, it is estimated by Professor Snyder that a pound loaf of bread can be made, not counting fuel and labor, for about two cents, a half cent being allowed for shortening and yeast. The loss of dry matter in bread-making is usually considered as amounting to about 2 per cent. of the flour used. In exceptional cases, as in prolonged fermentation, under favorable conditions the losses may amount to 8 per cent. or more.—Boston Transcript.

Tommy Atkins' Discipline.

Tommy Atkins, more especially the Irishmen of that name, manages often to work in a little humor in conjunction with discipline. The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers were marching to their musketry camp and halted for the night at the little town of Kesh. The surgeon captain attached to the regiment for the march preferred to sleep in the hotel, and his tent was not pitched. Four men were told off next morning, however, according to custom, to strike the doctor's tent, and, marching to the spot where it should be found a vacancy. "Where does the doctor stay, anyway?" asked the old soldier of the party, and he was told that the doctor had slept at the hotel. When the surgeon captain came out of the hotel he found the old soldier and the three other men waiting outside, and asked them what they wanted. "Party to strike the doctor's tent," replied the old soldier, inconsequently. Whether the four gallant Fusiliers had intended to pull down the hotel as soon as the doctor was out of it did not transpire, for they were sent off at once to their company.—London Telegraph.

Rough on the Doctors.

In Lexington avenue is a sign which reads: "To rent—this parlor floor—to a doctor or a gentleman." It recalls the remark of a girl in discussing the formation of a new whist-club. "It is very odd," she observed, "that from among my acquaintances I have obtained as members five doctors and one gentleman."

Evidently the doctors need not feel unduly puffed as to their standing in the community.—New York Commercial Advertiser.



Jesus—Jesus is character in human nature. Jesus is religion in human experience.—Rev. Dr. G. S. Burroughs, Dayton, O.

The Beginning and End.—Christ is the beginning and the end of the Christian religion.—Rev. Chas. M. Jacobs, Lutheran, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Father.—When Jesus came he said, call God "Our Father," and made it possible for us to enter into the full relationship of children.—Rev. R. L. Gerhart, Lutheran, Bellefonte, Pa.

Sin.—Sin everywhere fetters and enslaves, degrades and brutalizes, and there is no deliverance from its thralldom except through Jesus Christ.—Rev. Geo. Adams, Methodist, Brooklyn, New York.

Shallow Talk.—A deal of talk about healing the temples of men for God's first temples in quest of truer worship is as shallow as the men who make it.—Rev. H. E. Foss, Methodist, Bangor, Me.

Duty.—There is no escape from duty, either to one's self or to one's fellowman. One may evade duty for a while, but that is only to make the performance of it harder.—T. B. Wilson, Theosophite, Kansas City, Mo.

Methodism.—John Wesley was the personification of Methodism. He was a child of Providence, as was Methodism. He became the most aggressive, independent preacher of his day.—Rev. J. O. Knott, Methodist, Baltimore, Md.

Belief in a Soul.—Belief in a soul made logical the belief in immortality; for the belief in immortality is essentially founded upon faith in the integrity of human nature.—Rev. Samuel R. Caltrop, Unitarian, Syracuse, N. Y.

New Things.—Only "new things" can avail unto the advancement of religion in America. The world has advanced, and the institutions of the Middle Ages have no place in our era.—Rev. L. F. Kearney, Roman Catholic, Baltimore, Md.

God's Will.—We should be submissive to God's will in all things, remembering that Jesus Christ has fought the battle and won the victory. Then the world will want our religion. The world will be saved.—Rev. Dr. Holderby, Atlanta, Ga.

God's Work.—God's work is not dependent upon human power or money,